B. S. S. Ludlow

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THE

MARVELLOUS DOINGS

OF

PRINCE ALCOHOL.

An Allegory.

BY ONE OF ALCOHOL'S ENEMIES.

PHILADELPHIA:
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ANTECEDENT MATTER.

"MANY men of many minds," was a part of a copy which I often wrote after, when I was a little school boy. So indeed it is. How plainly can we see this even in the manner in which authors begin their books. Some stick on what they call a dedication. Some begin with a preface, some with an introduction, some with an apology, and some, that they may be sure of having the motto well done, string most of these things along together. My mind is to try the stringing mode;—so here comes the

DEDICATION.

This little book is most respectfully dedicated oy the author to all the sober men and drunkards that may chance to read it; and he hopes that it may contribute, in some small degree, to encourage the former in a course of temperance, and induce, at least one or two of the latter, to quit their beastly delights, and become *men.* And now for my

APOLOGY.

Does the reader demand an apology for my writing a book in these days, when books hop out upon us as thick as the frogs of Egypt—or rather rush upon us like the water of the great deluge? Is there to be no end to the plague, to the inundation? To this I would answer, My book is but a small one, a *little frog;* nay, hardly that, a mere *tadpole;* or, to keep up the other figure, a mere drop in the flood. And moreover, if read carefully, and well pondered, it may do some little good: this is the best of all apologies. However, gentle reader, if this is not satisfactory, I must be a little short and crusty, and plainly tell you, that, in this land of equal rights, I have as good a right to write a book as anybody else —and this settles the point.

2. "But why select such a character for the hero of your little book?" Because he is worthy of special notice. Many brave men of the goose-quill have thought it not amiss to set forth the deeds of Bonaparte; but what was Bonaparte, or any other manslayer of ancient or modern days, to the mighty Alcohol? If there is any virtue in my poor goose-quill, his memory shall not rot in oblivion's shade. No.

3. "But why *dream* him into notice? What

apology for this?" Rather surly and brief—see the first chapter, first line, "*Others have dreamed, and why may I not dream?*" This is all I have to say on this point.

4. "But the manner, the style—do you not say too many foolish things?" Perhaps so; but if you will read through, you will also find some solemn things. And yet, perhaps, on this point my apology may not be satisfactory, though I hope it may be regarded as a palliative. Know then, that the author is foolish, and it is hard to work against the grain; what nature put in, I, simple creature, must needs put out: and I thought too, that some of my readers might be foolish like myself, and in a leisure moment might pick up a child's bauble, when some great affair, that a sage would wonder at, might lie on the top shelf till lost in dust, perforated through and through with worms, or lugged off piece-meal to line a mischievous rat's nest, rather than any body's skull. So I wrote just as I have written And what next? Why, I must have an

INTRODUCTION.

"Introduction," says my dictionary, "is the preface, or part of a book containing previous matter:" Matter, I suppose, that is connected

with, is somewhat explanatory of, and leads on to, the main part of the book. It is something like the porch of a temple, the piazza of a house —or, rather, like the laudanum, the nodding and dozing, which precede, predict, and lead on to, a sound nap! Ah me, the miseries of authors!! They wrack, twist, and filter their brains, to get out something that may amuse and keep men and women awake, when often the very title-page makes them sleepy, the introduction sets them to nodding, and through all the following pages they sleep soundly, to the no small mortification of the sleepy, oil-consuming, brain-exhausted authors! So that I may not stupify my courteous reader beforehand, I shall say nothing by way of introduction, but pass on at once to the

PREFACE.

Preface! and what is the real difference between a preface and an introduction? I have not time to discuss the matter; nevertheless, I think it but fair, gentle reader, that, as I have given up the introduction to please you, you should allow me to write a preface to please myself. Be it as it may, however, a preface I must have.

Job said, "O that mine adversary had written a book." Alcohol has never said so; he knows his own character and works too well; neverthe-

less, an adversary, unsolicited, undertakes to give some account of the hero. "Ah, then we may look for a string of slander and abuse." No, reader; I will try to act the part of a magnanimous enemy, and give—*the wicked one*—his due. His due! his due! did I say? Dear me, this would be a hard task. No, no, if I give him one fourth of his due, it will be more than has ever yet been done. Were I to write a book as big as a bale of cotton, all in short-hand, and in characters microscopic, and fill it up with a rapid detail of the most flagrant enormities, I should hardly pay the interest of the first instalment. His due! He will never get this, till he gets his head broke, and that would require a battering ram, wielded by the united strength of all Christendom. Alcohol is no chicken, courteous reader: however, I will do all that I can to disgrace him; leaving it to my readers, especially those who know by experience something of the prince's pre-eminence in villany, to fill out the picture.

Alcohol has had great swing these twenty-five or thirty years past; and about the commencement of that time the dream opens. The reader will be so good as to bear this in mind, especially while reading the first few chapters.

I have thought of something new under the sun, you may call it the

DEPRECATION.

This is generally mixed up by authors with the dedication, apology, &c., but I shall set it forth as a distinct matter. Let the scribbling world notice this; I have taken out no patent right for the invention, so that all who choose may have the full benefit of my improvement without fee or reward. Deprecation "is a prayer against evil." The deprecation of a book I define, and declare to be, *a prayer against the wrath of the critics.*

Now I expect that this little book will be criticised, if it is ever read; and that too by sober critics and by drunken ones. But, courteous, magnanimous critics, whether ye are Cold-water men, Take-a-little men, or those who love often to shine through to the bottom of your strong, deep bumpers, grant me, I entreat you, all the indulgence which the nature of the case will admit of. Tread lightly on the *little frog*, at least stop and hear the little fellow croak, before you crush him. However, if you think it meet to deal hardly with the poor thing; remember, be it known to you, courteous critics, that you will not break the *heart* nor the *bones* of the author; no indeed. An assurance of the purity of my motives, of the goodness and final success of the

cause which I have espoused, will guard the former; whilst that kind Providence which has ever defended the honest, though sometimes feeble champions of this sacred and righteous cause, will take care of the latter; so that, let the worst happen that can happen, I shall share a better fate than most petty scribblers—which is a comfort. And now, perhaps, critics, you may call this a defiance, rather than an humble deprecation of your frowns. Be this as it may, I shall now wind up this my beginning, by expressing my best wishes for the temporal and everlasting good of every reader, and commending this little affair to the notice of HIM, who, with a straw can thresh mountains.

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CHAPTER I.

The Author dreams, and a strange dream he had—A grand council held in Pandemonium—Satan is much dejected on account of Emanuel's success—Alcohol offers to renew his efforts to help him—His services are accepted, and he receives a new commission—He hastens to earth, and issues a flaming Proclamation.

Others have dreamed, and why may I not dream? Others have written down their dreams, and why may I not do the same? One night as I was reflecting much on the follies of mortals, and was not a little weighed down in spirit on account of the abominations of the world, I fell asleep and dreamed.

I was instantly carried away in my vision to the infernal pit. I saw Satan: he was in great distress. He immediately summoned a grand council of all the dæmons; the halls of Pandemonium were soon filled, and he sat down upon his throne of burning sulphur. Dejection, bordering on despair, had thrown a dark cloud over his brow; his knees trembled, and his whole frame shook with rage and fear. A cloud gathered upon the countenance of every dæmon, *but one;* and a sympathetic terror ran through the great congregation of devils. There was long silence. At last, Satan in a faultering tone addressed the council :—

"Noble Spirits," said he, "sharers of my toils, my sufferings, and my honors; it is right that you should be made acquainted with every thing which relates to the interests of my kingdom. Know, then, that my cause is in danger, my throne trembles under me, and I am filled with tormenting apprehensions." He paused—an involuntary groan heaved the bosom of every devil—*but one.* He resumed his address. "Emanuel is strengthening his army, rearing his standard in my provinces,

opening upon us new and tremendous batteries, and our strong holds on earth are falling." He was choaked with rage, and again paused. The council halls were filled with groans. He resumed—"Do you wish to know, brave compeers, what my great enemy is doing? You shall hear. Not long ago he put it into the heads of one Fuller and Pearce, and a few others, to set apart a portion of the first Monday in every month, to pray for the total and everlasting overthrow of my kingdom. Others were fools enough to join them, and the fire is spreading from city to city, from continent to continent. This is an awful omen. See the fruits of this praying manœuvre. They are beginning to send forth into my lawful dominions, persons whom they call missionaries, for the purpose of making a deadly attack upon my troops and strong holds. Carey and Thomas have already gone to India, others are making preparations to start; the missionary plague will soon overspread England and Scotland, and I should not be surprised if, in a few years, the abominable infection should reach America. Where the mischief will end, it is im-

possible to predict.—Nor is this all. Emanuel lately told one Bob Raikes to 'TRY' to do something to aid his cause! And what must he do, but invent a new sort of engines to annoy my encampments. They call them Sabbath Schools. O how I hate them. Poor Raikes has not got wit enough to see what will be the final result of his invention; but I can plainly see that Emanuel will not be satisfied until these deadly engines are set up in every nation, city, and neighbourhood on earth. And what is that miscreant Hughes trying to do? You know him. Why he is telling the people that a Union National Bible Society would be a fine expedient to weaken my cause; and many are ready to believe him. The thing will be sure to succeed, and anon you will hear that whole cartloads of that hateful book, which they call the Bible, will be sent in every direction into my empire. And more than this. You have not forgotten that some years ago my *Infidel Engineers*, (a faithful band,) took out of our patent office, at my suggestion, a patent right for making grape-shot. The scheme worked well for a time, but alas! it has recoiled upon

my own pate. Emanuel's troops have caught the hint, and they are sending into my ranks myriads of little whizzing things which they call Tracts, to the no small annoyance of my faithful soldiers. And many other schemes is my great enemy setting on foot. And I think I see that Angel, spoken of by one of my antagonists, John, having what they call the Everlasting Gospel, flying in the midst of heaven, upon an errand of awful import. Emanuel's officers, many of them, are getting restless and fidgetty, and are endeavouring with all their might to convince their troops, that it is high time to come up to the help of their Lord against our mighty encampment, that his abominable prophecies are about to be fulfilled, and that the accursed Millennial day is at hand, when I, your monarch, must be bound in chains, and locked up in a dungeon a thousand years. Certain it is, that matters are hastening to an awful crisis. Unless some new plans can be devised, or new energy imparted to our old ones, our cause is for ever ruined." As Satan concluded his speech, he shed a few sulphureous

tears. The whole council trembled, groaned, and wept—*except one.*

Long silence ensued. All seemed ready to despair of hell's republic. At length a fierce looking dæmon arose and addressed the council. His name was Alcohol, of famous memory: he was the one that did not weep. All was silence, and he thus spake:—

"Great Potentate,—It does not become a subject to rebuke his king. I shall not, therefore, use the language of reproof; but I must be allowed to say that I am pained to see so much dejection. What! shall we sit here trembling and weeping in view of imaginary dangers? Nothing but dishonorable fears will make our cause desperate. Emanuel is making a tremendous push at our strong holds, it is true, but a corresponding effort on our part will be sure to baffle his efforts. Cheer up, great prince; cheer up, my brave compeers. Is there any thing to be done? here I am, send me. For many generations I have served my master faithfully, and I am still ready to fight his battles. It does not become a man, no, nor a devil, to dwell on his own virtues; but I despise the man, or

devil, who will not speak for himself when occasion requires; I feel that my merits have been overlooked—that I have not received that notice which I deserve. I declare it without fear of contradiction, that I have done more towards replenishing the regions of Darkness with souls of men, than any ten devils within these walls. I demand promotion as a matter of right; for there is such a thing as justice, even among dæmons. I want elbow room, a larger sphere for enterprise than has ever been allowed me. Renew my commission, tear off my fetters, enlarge my powers, and I will make Emanuel's throne tremble."

Satan forced a horrid smile; the infernal council reflected back the smile of their leader. It was no small gratification to them to discover that there was even one spirit among them of such stern mettle.

"Alcohol," said Satan, "you have indeed been faithful in my cause, and be assured your services are not forgotten. You have my thanks, and the thanks of the council. But you make great pretensions, and you demand for yourself great honours. Before I

grant your request, I must inquire more fully into your character.—You must answer a few questions. I expect the truth. Wicked men deceive one another, even in their solemn deliberations (so well have we corrupted them,) but this is one of the fixed laws of Pandemonium, that devil shall not lie to devil.—'Alcohol, when and where were you born?' 'Is this a secret with your majesty? (replied Alcohol)—I was born in Arabia, one of the provinces of Earth, more than a thousand years ago.' 'Ah, are you that fiery fellow that I was so much pleased with, and whom I took out of his cradle, and gave a commission in my army?' 'I am, said Alcohol; surely, most noble Prince, you have not forgotten me.' 'Are you brave?' 'I never felt fear.' 'Can you lie, cheat, and deceive?' 'This is my glory; ask those thousands of poor souls yonder, whom my flattering lies seduced to the pit.' 'Is your heart hard?' 'Yes, may it please your majesty, harder than the flint of hell's walls—an ocean of widow's tears would not soften it.' 'Can you steal, and murder?' 'This, as you very well know, is but a small part of my handy work.' 'Can

you get access to men's passions and stir them up to a raging, ungovernable heat?' 'I can make them boil like the chaldrons of the pit.' 'Can you change yourself into ten thousand shapes as occasion may demand, and suit yourself to the palates, whims, and various circumstances of all men?' 'As easy as I can put on my coat.' 'Can you cope with Reason, Commonsense and Conscience, throw them down in the mud, and make men fools, mad-men, beasts?' 'As easy as your Satanic Majesty can crook his little finger.' 'When men find out fully your devilish nature and works (and this they must do) can you make them love you and obey you still?' 'This is my special work; and in this respect, (though I say it myself,) I excell all the dæmons of Pandemonium, I had almost said, your Majesty not excepted.'" [Cheers.]

Satan now addressed the council. "Friends and confederates, You have heard the statements of Alcohol; they are no doubt true. I questioned him rather for your satisfaction than my own; for I have known him well for a long time. He seems to be made of the right sort of stuff. Shall I enlarge his

powers, renew his commission and send him back to earth to destroy souls and fight against Emanuel?" "Aye—aye—aye," sounded and resounded through the pit.

Satan now dictated to his chief Secretary the terms of the new commission. In the language of earth, it runs thus:—

"Know all dæmons by these presents, that by my royal nod, with the consent and approbation of the grand Council of Pandemonium, it is ordained that the Bearer of this, Alcohol, is to be known and recognised by the term and title of PRINCE ALCOHOL. He is my faithful servant, a devil of vast merit—and wherever he goes, let him be counted worthy of double honor. And moreover, I do hereby constitute, appoint and establish him Chief-Governor and Generalisimo over all my fortifications, troops and provinces on earth; only in the throne will I be greater than he. He is invested with full, plenary, and perfect right and power, to devise such plans, enact such laws, and perform such acts, as he may deem best calculated to annoy the cause of Emanuel, my great and dreaded Enemy, and promote the misery and

secure the destruction of souls. He is clothed with full power to lie, cheat, steal, murder, to attack by open violence, or secret craft, the weak and the strong, the simple and the wise, the noble and the ignoble, the rich and the poor, rulers, judges, lawyers, physicians, preachers, in fine, all sorts, classes and callings of men, women and children. He has already accomplished much in this way, for which he has my thanks and the thanks or every dæmon in the empire; but he is now strictly charged to double his vigilance, and put forth his whole might. He is specially ordered to ensnare the young. He will feel it his bounden duty to keep his eye upon the nobility. But most especially is he charged and commanded to carry the war into the encampments and forts of Emanuel. To wound my great enemy in the house of his friend, is the surest way of effecting my purpose. Prince Alcohol is authorized and required to look well to those provinces on earth where my interests have received special detriment. In that part of the world they call America, especially that part of America which is denominated the United States, I have met with

some heavy disasters. Emanuel has there separated Church and State—a thing which has caused me much lamentation. There also he has untied Conscience, established in a strong garrison Religious-liberty, thrown up a formidable entrenchment against Established-religion, wrested the faggots, fire and sword from the hands of Persecution, my faithful servant, and opened an asylum for the oppressed and persecuted of all nations. I must have revenge! Prince Alcohol! pour out all the plagues and curses of the pit upon that hated land! They are fond of liberty, talk much of freedom, natural and unalienable rights, and they will listen to you;—as they listen with unguarded and unsuspecting hearts, *bind them fast.* In my own name, and in the name of this great assembly of dæmons, I solemnly charge you to have constant regard to this part of your royal commission. In short, in every place, and in every way, use every nerve of thine arm and every energy of thy soul, to stir up, spread and perpetuate every species of misery and crime. You are instructed to go on after the manner you have done, (though with ten

fold greater energy,) and push men and women into the corners of fences, into ditches and mud-holes; to multiply prisons, hospitals and halters; to break arms, legs, noses and skulls, stir up riots, multiply diseases, cover the faces of men with blotches, rot their bones, turn their stomachs inside out, bloat them up into scare-crows, burn their lights, livers and intestines, load them down with all manner of infirmities and plagues. And finally, you are most emphatically charged to exert all your diabolical skill and power to raise a greater army of volunteers than you have ever done, and by all possible craft and force to conduct them along to this place of torment. To aid you in these operations I put under your command an additional army of ten myriads of the bravest dæmons that are to be found in my vast empire.—Farewell, most noble Prince. Be faithful, and I will abundantly reward you.

[Signed] SATAN.
President of the Grand Council, and
Prince of the powers of Darkness.
BEELZEBUB, Chief Secretary.
Sealed with the Great Brimstone Seal of Pandemonium. [L. S.]"

Prince Alcohol received his commission with joy, and the Grand Council raised a tremendous shout. The arches of Pandemonium shook terribly, and some of the keystones leapt from their places. The Prince collects his reinforcements, hastens back to earth, and recommences his operations. The first thing he does, is to issue his Proclamation. I record it *verbatim* as I read it in my dream.

"Prince Alcohol, the Benefactor, to the Inhabitants of Earth, sendeth salutation. Hear, ye nations, kindreds, and tongues,—especially ye dear, precious men and women of Christendom. Many great and good plans have been devised of late for the alleviation of human woe; great men assist in sustaining them, and great success attends their operations. In these things I heartily rejoice. But shall I be satisfied with simply expressing my joy at your prosperity? No; I must aid in this good work. I feel irresistibly stirred up to do more than I have ever yet attempted for the advancement of your dearest interests. I am the lover of men, the promoter of human bliss; and my ability

to bestow happiness, on all who will receive it from my hands, is equal to my thirst for doing good. I am no deceiver; I am no respecter of persons. Come all nations, all ranks, and prove the sincerity of my friendship. I can do wonders (with humility I speak it.) I can give wisdom, health, strength, joy, riches. I can warm the cold, cool the hot, cheer the drooping, heal the sick, aid the industrious, and make the sluggard dream sweetly. I can whet the wit, brighten the understanding, purify the passions, improve the social powers, oil the tongue, and render supple the limbs; I can make a churl noble-hearted and benevolent, a tory as patriotic as Washington, cowards as brave as Buonaparte, beggars as rich as Crœsus, cripples as fleet as a roebuck, fools as wise as Solon. I can render your paths smooth and pleasant, pluck thorns from your pillows, and drown in a flood of pure delight your most distressing sorrows; I am the very Elixer of life, quintessence of bliss, the great *summun bonum* of earth. I can do every thing which ought to be done to make the whole world what once a little portion of it was—a garden of Eden.

All this is truth, nothing but the truth, nay, not one-half of the truth; for a thousand brass trumpets would be worn to atoms in sounding out all my just praises.

"Ye Potentates, Legislators, and other great men of the earth, think it not beneath you to flock to my banner. Many of you I have the happiness of calling my soldiers already, but I wish you all to seek that honour which I have it in my power to give. Children, youths, dear little creatures, how my tender heart loves you! O come and prove my virtues, whilst your yielding minds can be rightly fashioned. Parents, plead my cause, and bring up your little ones in the way that they should go, and when they are old they will not depart from it. Ladies, charming ladies, ye lilies of earth, the pride, and boast, and ornament of creation, come into my ranks; I have a place for you. Let your sweet tongues repeat my praise, let your angelic hands wield weapons adorned with diamonds and gold in my defence. And O Christians, dear Christians, you are the delight of my soul. I need the aid of your precious example. Allow me to call you my

friends and soldiers, and I can soon prevail on all the rest of the world to be happy. Many of you are lazy and dull; ah, I can set your souls on fire, and make you as bold as Peter, and as zealous as Paul. But why particularize? I speak to all. Come old, come young, come rich, come poor, noble and ignoble, bond and free, Jew and Gentile, come each, every one, all, and allow me to complete your bliss.

[Signed,] "PRINCE ALCOHOL,
"*The Benefactor.*"

The Proclamation rang through the nations, more especially through pious Christendom, most especially through the United States; and many men, women and children shouted for joy. Though this great bragging was proof enough of Alcohol's villany, yet the people said, "It is the voice of a god, and not of a man."

CHAPTER II.

Emanuel was grieved, and sent out hand-bills—Alcohol goes to work might and main—He repairs his old forts, and throws up many new ones—Then he reorganizes and augments his Army.

EMANUEL was grieved at the state of things, and so were many of his followers. They saw through the gause. Satan, said they, has something to do in this matter. He is getting uneasy about his throne, and is making a desperate effort. Emanuel sounded his trumpet of alarm; and some of his soldiers repeated his solemn warnings. He caused many hand-bills to be printed and stuck up in public places through the nations, warning the people, in the name of His Almighty Father, not to enlist under the standard of Prince Alcohol. Some of the hand-bills run thus:—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright: at the last it biteth

like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." This rightly interpreted, must be considered as descriptive of the Prince (or one very much like him,) and the danger of enlisting into his ranks. Another hand-bill gave a description of some of Alcohol's soldiers. "Who hath wo? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contention? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine." Another struck me with great force. "But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink; they are swallowed up of wine; they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean." Another hand-bill contained an awful denunciation against those, who, in any way, encouraged their friends and neighbours to espouse the cause of the Prince. "Wo unto him who giveth his neighbour drink, that puttest thy bottle to him and makest him drunken also."

But that which affected me most, was one printed in large capitals, and couched in awful terms: it read as follows—"No DRUNKARD (i. e. devoted soldier of Alcohol) SHALL INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

After all this could Alcohol dare to go on with his plans of villany? If so, would mortals allow themselves to be deceived and ruined? The Prince was not intimidated, and man would not learn wisdom. Alcohol called a council of war: all the dæmons under his command were present. "Brave coadjutors," said he, "the time for action has come; we must not indulge in useless delay. The design of this council is to concert measures for vigorous and effectual operations. If you have any important suggestions to make, brave dæmons, speak freely." Nothing was said for some time. At last one ventured to address the Prince in behalf of the assembly. "Great Prince," said he, "it ill becomes us to give advice, much less to dictate. We have all confidence in your wisdom: it is for you to plan, for us to execute." Alcohol had got every thing cut and dried; he was a man—or rather a devil—of

business. He laid down his plan of operations, and explained it all in detail; it is hardly necessary to add, that it was received with vast applause.—The council now adjourned; and Alcohol and his crew went to work with great fury.

According to the infernal plan which he had adopted, he first repaired his old fortifications, and then constructed many new ones. A triple line of tremendous forts and batteries soon stretched along the nations. They were all erected and manned under his own personal inspection. These answered two great objects. In the first place, they served as recruiting posts, where he hung out his colours and beat up for volunteers. All who were disposed were allowed to approach the garrison without interruption, and enrol their names upon the Prince's register. Indeed all possible stratagems and bewitching arts were used to ensnare the multitude. These fortifications are the dens of sorcery, the head-quarters of satanic influence, the dismal focal points where were brought into awful condensity the heat, and poison, and craft, and wrath of the pit. Whilst they

were properly fitted for carrying on this work of fatal seduction, they were also so constructed as to keep up at the same time a tremendous fire on Public-good, Domestic-peace, the camp of Emanuel, and a vast number of good citizens, soldiers, and officers in various parts of the world. The ammunition used was wonderful. In some mysterious way (I could not dream out the interpretation of the mystery) every charge which was fired off seemed to be a vital part of Alcohol himself. That such powder as this should do terrible execution was not to be wondered at.

The first line of fortifications was called Distilleries. In these were placed some horrid engines—engines which Alcohol at first imported in vast quantities from the pit. In later years, the inhabitants of earth learned to manufacture them, and in sufficient quantities to supply every demand, to the no small discomfiture of many of the citizens of the pit, who have thereby been thrown out of employment and are now begging bread. This line of forts was of special service to the Prince. The people praised them; for

here they found a ready market for vast quantities of apples, peaches, rye, barley, and potatoes, which were instantly converted by those infernal engines into Alcoholic ammunition.

The second line of fortifications consists of what were called Wholesale Groceries. Their magazines were copious, and their guns were of enormous caliber. The effects of a single discharge might sometimes be seen one thousand miles.

The third line of forts embraced a great variety and a countless number of small, mischievous garrisons, which were called Taverns, Grog-shops, Retailing-stores, &c. &c. Under Alcohol's last commission, their number was vastly increased; he caused them to be stuck up on every turnpike, at all the cross-roads, at every corner in every city, town, village, and settlement where he could get foothold. Indeed he might be said to have wound this line of forts round and round a great part of the world, as one would wind a piece of twine round his finger, or as the spider winds up his prey in the fatal web. These garrisons carried on a perpetual corres-

pondence with the Distilleries and Wholesale Groceries, and from them derived their supplies of ammunition.

Over these forts Prince Alcohol stationed those whom he deemed worthy men; they were generally the friends of Mammon. He employed as many Parsons, Elders, Deacons, and as many of the private soldiers of Emanuel, as he and Mammon, with their united craft, could bribe, "for such," thought he, "will be more successful in ensnaring the people, replenishing my ranks, and battering down the strong forts of my great enemy." He professed to hold them in high repute, and no doubt his love to them was wonderful.

Each commander managed the affairs of his respective garrison under the following license from the Prince:—

"I am a discerner of merit, and the deserving I will honour. For your own good and gain, and the general good of man, I place you, worthy friend, over this fortification. You are fully empowered to employ all lawful means (and all means are lawful in such a blessed cause) to win over the good people of earth to my ranks, and to destroy all my

implacable enemies. Keep your guns bright, use the strongest powder possible, (though it is lawful to employ, especially at first, the milder sort,) and be not afraid of loading too heavily; keep your colours flying, never be out of ammunition, beat up for recruits, refuse no man, woman nor child, who offers to enlist, for I seek the happiness of all; and see that on the front of your fortress the following words be painted in large, bright capitals:—'PRINCE ALCOHOL'S GARRISON,—TURN IN,—THIS IS THE CHEAP ROAD TO BLISS.'—Be diligent, be faithful; Mammon, my purser, will reward you well, and I will load you down with many choice benefits. Farewell.

"PRINCE ALCOHOL,

"*The Benefactor.*"

To give still greater strength to these infernal garrisons, the Prince stationed around each one (so I beheld in my dream) ten legions of fierce, crafty dæmons, invisible indeed to men, but on this account the more dangerous. The Prince gave them the following charge:—"Brave dæmons, I solemnly charge you in the name of my master Satan,

to take care of these garrisons. Guard, succour, strengthen them, as far as Emanuel's hateful power will allow you. Upon the proper management of these forts much, very much, of my success depends. Get access to the minds of the captains, and make them diabolically courageous, and let all the wizzard arts which you learnt in the pit, be constantly employed in enticing men to these strong holds, and persuading them to enter their names upon my records. Let my ears be constantly delighted by hearing a roaring cannonading kept up against the entrenchments of my enemies. This sound is sweeter to me than the music of the spheres. Peform your duty, and I will perform my promise, by granting ample rewards to the deserving."

The fortifications soon got into full operation, and every thing succeeded to the Prince's mind. Volunteers in unexampled numbers flocked in from all quarters, especially from the famous land of religion, liberty, and equal rights. As Alcohol's army was not under that perfect discipline which he wished to see established, he set about the work of reorganization. Matters were soon adjusted.

Under his improved administration the army was so arranged as to consist of four general divisions.

The first division was styled the "*Temperate Battalion*," and was composed of such as were denominated *moderate drinkers*. Those who belonged to this division were not required to perform duty; their reviews were not frequent nor laborious; their marches were short, and generally performed in the most pleasant part of the day—the morning. Nevertheless, Prince Alcohol attached great importance to this battalion. It was, in many respects, the very basis of all his military operations, since all his advanced companies received their recruits, either directly, or indirectly, from this division. He had no power to seduce and injure those who remained inflexible in the Touch-not ranks, under the command of that brave and inestimable commander, Total-abstinence. But when persons had once attached themselves to the Temperate Battalion, they came within the reach of the Prince's fatal persuasions, and thousands would become madly ambitious to rush into the ranks and

seize the honours of the advanced battalions.

The Temperate Battalion had its own standard. It consisted of silk, beautifully wrought, and attached to a golden rod; on one side was painted with magic art a decanter of wine pleasantly labelled with the oft-perverted text, "*A little wine for the stomach's sake;*" and on the other a bottle of cordial, and a glass of bitters with this motto: "*Medicine to the body—health and cheerfulness to the soul.*" Ensign False-colours was standard bearer; and Captain All-deceit commanded under Alcohol.

This general division was sub-divided into many smaller companies. There were the Brandy-sippers, the Rum-smellers, the Gin-likers. I noticed in my dream the Toddy-legion, Cordial-cohort, the Cherry-bounce brigade, and many other squads too numerous to mention. Under the silken banner whole nations enlisted. Millions of Emanuel's soldiers joined the Temperate Battalion. Men of all ranks were there, and women too; they felt no shame, saw no danger, imagined themselves in a good cause; and were

wonderfully pleased. They all resolved to advance no further in the Prince's service, but before they were aware, thousands soon found themselves in

"*The Sip-often Battalion.*" This was the second grand division of Alcohol's army. It was composed of persons of every possible variety of character and rank,—many men of reputed worth, piety, and greatness, were there. This division had its own standard too. Their colours were fine-twined linen; the staff was silver. And who could help smiling at the device? A limber tongue, and a reddish, oily nose, tied together across a stick, and carried on the shoulder of a jolly looking little felllow. "*Joy is with us,*" was the motto. Ensign False-joy was standard-bearer; and Captain Rein-slacker commanded under Alcohol. This battalion performed much more service than the first, and marched on with moderate speed towards the pit.

Next comes "*The Drink-deep Battalion,*" which was made up wholly of recruits from the Sip-often Department. The Drink-deep soldiers were obliged to perform hard

service, and were hurried along in a pretty quick step towards the gates of hell. A rough piece of tow cloth, exhibiting on either side a red face ornamented with rich brandy blossoms, and attached to a crooked hickory pole, was the standard. Burning-thirst carried it; and Captain Strong-list commanded under Alcohol. From this infatuated company, the Prince organized a vast army which I shall call

"*The Drunken Posse*," though the Prince styled them his "*Legion of Honour.*" Most of the last described battalion were degraded to these ranks of honour;—how could they resist the fascinating prize? Behold their standard! A mad-dog skin roughly dressed, attached to a limb of the Upas tree! On one side was painted with tar and lamp-black, by some sooty dæmon from the pit, something like a human being wallowing and puking in a mud-hole: on the other side were to be seen a dagger, a broken skull, and an empty trencher. "*Alcohol for ever*," was recorded on every vacant space of the dog skin. Seal-fate was standard-bearer; Alcohol always led them in person, and Swift-

destruction brought up the rear. From the ranks of the Drunken Posse there were but few deserters; the Prince considered them generally his sure prey. By forced, constant, and laborious marches, he conducts them on towards the pit. In this wretched company were to be seen those whom we should have least expected to behold in such a degraded, hopeless condition. There were women who were once chaste and beautiful; rich men who were once respected; poor men who were once rich; legislators and kings, who were once honoured; preachers who were once admired; professors of religion who were once thought pious. There were persons collected from every profession, from every grade, from almost every nation under the whole heaven. I examined some of the subdivisions of the army; and O what a sight! There were the Rag-tags, the Mud-tumblers, the Window-smashers, the Slam-bangers, the Wranglers, and the Rioters. There were also the Nose-breakers, the Eye-gougers, Skull-crackers, and the Throat-cutters. I might also speak of other companies, such as the Burnt-liver cohort, the Palsy platoon,

the Dropsy drones, and the Epileptics. But the most despicable of all the crew were the Wife-bruisers. Satan was at first loath (so my foolish dream would have it) to open the gates of the pit to such mean vagabonds; but Alcohol, who was meaner than his master, loved them dearly, and finally prevailed on him to afford them protection in his dominions. But my heart sickens, and for the present I must lay down my pen. When my spirits recover a little I will write another chapter of my dream.

CHAPTER III.

Reason, Experience, and Public-good make a rumpus, and many things are said on both sides of the question.

"WHAT a vast army!" said Alcohol to himself: "I shall be able to sweep every thing before me." But he was destined to meet with some opposition; for there were many friends of man, and of Emanuel too, in the world. Reason, a great commander, thought it time to make a fresh attempt to defend his rights against the fresh encroachments of Prince Alcohol. He has ever been a notable character in the world. Though he got some hard thumps and bruises when he tumbled down from Mount Innocence with old Father Adam, yet he has retained some of his original good qualities, and when he can be prevailed upon to acknowledge Emanuel as his King, and to go to school to Mr. Scripture Truth, he is certainly a most excellent general. Indeed the world could not do without him. He took his station on a high

hill where he could be heard by the whole army of Alcohol, and thus commenced his address:—

"Friends, kindred, give audience. I have a few words to speak in your ears to-day, and I flatter myself that you will listen to my voice. In the first place I wish to know if you recognise my features?" All replied, "This is General Reason; we know him well." "In the next place," continued the general, "I desire to know, if you still recognise me as your commander, and are willing to obey my laws?" All answered in the affirmative. "We should be beasts," said they, "and not men, were we to reject the wholesome authority of this great and good general." "Then," continued the general, "I feel at liberty to address you boldly, and have a right to expect that you will take heed to my admonitions. Let me assure you that it argues great folly and indiscretion to have much to do with Prince Alcohol. He is the enemy of man, the destroyer of all good; and to espouse the cause, and become the servant of such a Prince, is contrary to the instructions I have always felt it my duty

to give you. Allow me, friends, to remind you of some of the general principles of my government, and at the same time point out their particular bearing upon the subject now under consideration.

"1. I hold it to be sound doctrine, that where the good resulting from any course of action is counterbalanced by the evil connected with it, it is unwise to pursue this course; that where the evil vastly preponderates, our pursuing this course becomes folly, nay, madness. Now, if the service of Alcohol is productive of any real good, the evil is evidently greater; therefore you are bound to let him alone. But the evil is vastly greater than the good; therefore, to engage in his service argues folly and madness.

"2. But it is still more evident that when a course of conduct is productive of no real, permanent good, but a vast amount of evil, to pursue this course becomes the height of folly and madness. Now I could easily demonstrate (but why waste time in proving a thing so plain) that the service of Alcohol is productive of no real good, but of infinite mischief; to espouse his cause, therefore,

leaves us under the imputation of consummate folly.

"3. I hold it also a sound maxim, that, in pecuniary transactions, for money paid, some reasonable equivalent should be expected. A man who would conduct business on any other principle must either be a simpleton, or a reckless, wilful spend-thrift. But how is it in the matter before us? Prince Alcohol is constantly thrusting his fingers into your pockets,—for he will not command you without pay,—and as he returns you no equivalent, you make a simple, wretched bargain.

"4. I have ever asserted that health is worth preserving; that character is valuable; that refinement and purity of feeling are worth cultivating; that the welfare of our wives and children and servants should be watched over with sacred vigilance: but I perceive with pain, that the service of Alcohol requires the wanton sacrifice of these things:—it must, therefore, be abominable.

"5. Bad company is a crime; so I have ever ventured to teach: and that course which needlessly exposes us to this evil should be carefully avoided; and the indi-

vidual who would use all his influence to entice us unto the company of the vile, should be shunned as a deadly serpent. Shun then the service, fly from the presence of Alcohol. He is surrounded with a miserable, squalid, and corrupt gang of children, grand-children, and remoter relatives, with whom he will compel you to associate, and who will pounce upon you like vultures on their prey.

"6. We are all more or less connected with Public-good, (though he can speak for himself,) and I hold it proper that we should be very careful of his rights, and endeavour by all means in our power to promote his cause. But when we set our faces towards Alcohol, we turn our backs upon Public-good; or rather, I might say, we face him down with a dagger in our hands.

"7. You will all agree that rebellion against a good government is sinful. Now let me plainly tell you, that I and Alcohol are mortal enemies; we cannot set upon the same throne. If you heartily espouse his cause, you rebel against my authority; and as you acknowledge my government to be just and reasonable, your rebellion wears the

stamp of aggravated criminality. O, I have suffered more from the hands of this despicable Alcohol, than from any other foe that has rushed upon me from the pit. One thing, therefore, is as plain as the light of noon-day, that you must either renounce his authority or mine—*Ye cannot serve Reason and Alcohol.* I might say more, but a word to the wise is sufficient; and as for a fool, 'Though thou should'st bray him in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.' "

The speech of Reason was followed by an indistinct buzz throughout Alcohol's army. Many things were said which I could not understand; but at length I was fortunate enough to gather up some of their desultory remarks. One of the Temperate Battalion spoke as follows:—

"Reason,—thou reasonest well. I highly approve of the general strain of your remarks, though I do not consider your pointed reproofs as applicable to myself. The service of Alcohol is indeed despicable and dangerous. I have watched his progress through the world with pain; I hate his deadly

works. Still he possesses some good qualities, and I find myself benefited by his morning reviews. But I am not his servant; I have not lost sight of prudence and discretion. Because I may sometimes look at a man, or speak to him, or take a few steps in the path which he may happen to travel, am I therefore his servant? I wish every one to understand that I belong to the Temperance Battalion;—here I am safe, and Reason has said nothing, which (if his remarks are properly interpreted) can be regarded as a reproof of my conduct."

Out steps a man from the Sip-often ranks: "All that Reason has said is good; all that his friend over the way has said is good, very good. We must all keep an eye upon Alcohol—he is a slippery fellow; however, I am not afraid that he can injure me; I belong to the Temperance Battalion, and every body knows that."

And who next? It is one of the Drink-deep fellows. Hark! "Alcohol is like fire, a good servant, but a hard master; I wish every one in the Drunken Posse would think of this. Reason has truly said, 'That the ser-

vice of Alcohol is productive of no real good.' To enter into his service, to become his hired man, his slave, is disgraceful, nay, awfully dangerous and sinful. This is not the case with me, however; I belong to the Temperate Battalion."

In my dream I turned my eyes towards the Drunken Posse, and I heard a strange muttering from a poor, squalid-looking creature, who was holding himself up by a sapling. With much ado he got out something like the following:—

"Dit....ditto....ditto,....I say....to....all....that ....Reshun has....said,....to all....that these shentlemen....have said. They have 'spressed my ....mind....ix....ix....sack....ly. Indeed if....I was....elo....squent, I could say a great....deal ....more. Alcohol....is a....rascal,....the Drunken Pos....se are....all fools. I belong to....the Tempo....ronce Bat....Battalion. You all see ....that I am....as soober....as a priest....as ster ....aight as a gun!!!"

All Temperance Soldiers, then!! "Alcohol," thought I in my dream, "has either wretchedly deceived many of these poor creatures, or else taught them to tell wilful

lies. Surely the lubber-tongued orator uttered one notable truth, '*Alcohol is a rascal.*'"

Mr. Experience was the next speaker. He was a venerable, aged looking man; had seen much, learnt much, and was one of the best school-masters in the world. He addressed himself more particularly to the Temperate Battalion, as he had less hope of being heard and regarded by the rest. "Days," said he, "should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. I have been young, and now am old—have been a careful observer of many things; and I hope that I shall not be thought vain, when I say that my words are entitled to some small measure of respect. I have seen much of Alcohol, and what I know I must freely speak. He makes many and great pretensions, but his heart is full of deceit. Reason has justly said, that 'he is the enemy of man —the destroyer of all good.' His lips drop as a honey-comb, and his mouth is smoother than oil; but his end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword. His feet go down to death, his steps take hold on hell. I have observed, that of the Drunken Posse,

few, very few return to the paths of virtue, usefulness, and honour; and I have also observed, that there is not a soldier in this division of the Prince's army, who was not once in the temperate ranks. I have heard them promise in the most solemn manner, that they would advance no further; but whilst the oath was upon their lips, I have seen them almost unconsciously yield to the arts of Alcohol, and rush on as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life. I have observed, that neither beauty, nor wisdom, nor honor, no riches, nor integrity, nor refined feelings, nor fair prospects, nor the most sacred obligations have proved a sure safe-guard; nay, I have observed that all these things combined have been to the magic of Alcohol, like tow to the touch of fire. And what I have often wondered at, those who follow will not be warned by the fate of those who go before. The father hastens to the precipice and falls head long; the son then rushes after him to de struction. In full view of the rocks of danger, and the hideous wrecks around, mortals give up the helm to Carnal-pleasure, and the

sails to the blasts of Lust, and dash onward. This has been the history of millions. When I see a person enlist under the silken banner, I look upon his ruin as more than possible; when I see him advance to the Sip-often ranks, I regard his destruction as more than probable; if he marches on to the Drink-deep Battalion, I hardly look for his return; and when I find him in the Drunken Posse I remember that Seal-fate is standard-bearer, and that Swift-destruction is at his heels.

"Will we risk all real good for a doubtful benefit? Nay, for the privilege of getting nearer and nearer to the certainty of losing every thing that is dear, and experiencing every thing that is dreadful. Hear the conclusion of the whole matter. None have the assurance of being safe but those who continue in the Touch-not ranks, and march under the standard of Total-abstinence. As long as there is a Temperate Battalion, there will be a Drunken Posse: this Alcohol knows, this every man of common sense knows, and the best advice, therefore, which an old man can give, is at once to root out Alcohol, the

great scourge of nations, by pulling down without delay the silken banner."

He ceased; and there was a terrible hubbub in Alcohol's army. "He is a fool!" said one; "He is a villain!" said another; "Alcohol is a clever fellow," said a third; "Pull down the silken banner? No; not while there is breath in my body, shall it be done," said a fourth. "Don't be angry with the simple old man, he is in his dotage," said a fifth. "Well, others may do as they please, but I will stick to the Temperate Battalion," said a sixth; and thus they had it for several hours. At length the tumult subsided a little, and I heard some speeches of greater length.

Col. Inconsiderate, a very influential officer in Alcohol's army, was one of the speakers. "I have been straining my noddle," said he, "for a long time to find out if there can be any harm in standing in the Temperate ranks. Danger, danger, danger, is the cry. So my good old mother once cried, when (being a little boy) I snatched up, in my sport, an old gun that had neither lock, nor barrel. For my own part I see no danger; I am not

afraid of getting into the Drunken Posse, nor need any man fear this, who has got his senses, and is disposed to exercise them."

"True enough," thought I in my dream; "but here is the mischief. Alcohol steals our wits; and what can a madman do? Or if he cannot run away with our senses, he persuades us not to exercise them; and what then shall we do but follow on just where he is pleased to lead us? Here is the danger," thought I. But before I had time to dream out many comments, out jumps

Mr. Captain Self-sufficiency. "What does Experience mean?" said he. "His speech is a reflection on the character of worthy, brave, and virtuous men. Does he think that we Temperate soldiers have no courage, no wit, no self-command? Does he think that all our good habits, and honourable vows, and self-regulating principles, are a mere rope of sand? We ought to feel ourselves insulted by such mean insinuations."

False-friendship must needs have a word to say. "If I forsake the silken banner, I shall disgust and offend my friends; the claims of civility and good-breeding oblige

me to remain where I am." So I thought in my dream, "that to please our friends, and appear civil and well bred, we must cut our own throats and theirs too." This must be Alcohol's logic, which he brought from the pit.

What orator is that, yonder, who seems to speak with so much vehemence? One who calls himself Mr. Gospel-liberty, but whose real name, I think, is Please-flesh. "I'll not give up my rights! I'll not give up my rights!" said the orator, foaming. "No, no—I'm for liberty, for Bible privilege. Alcohol is a creature of God, and if we follow him carefully and thankfully, the march will do us good. I'm a Temperate soldier; the Gospel don't condemn this—I'm for liberty:—Experience is a good sort of an old man, but he is getting too crabbed and monkish of late."

And now comes the Doctor,—Dr. Much-for-a-little,—a surgeon in Alcohol's army. He had very much to say in favour of a little indulgence in the ranks of Alcohol.—"What can we do without the Prince?" said he; "his aid is absolutely necessary. If you

drive him off, you virtually knock out the brains of Æsculapius; and what think you will become of Dr. Laudanum, and Dr. Peppermint, and Dr. Camphor, and in short, of more than half of the families of Dr. Tincture, and Dr. Solution? And besides, these morning marches under the silken banner, especially for puny folks, are extremely useful." And so he went on for a half an hour. After he had concluded I heard a distinct voice whispering out a reply. The speaker was another doctor of some note; he belonged to the Touch-not ranks, and having ascertained that there was a great ado in and about Alcohol's encampment, he came out to see and hear for himself.

"Give the wicked one his due," said the doctor; "this is an old maxim, and I think a very good one. If you will strip Alcohol of his crown and kingdom, dress him up in homespun, thrust him into an apothecary's shop, and keep him employed in mixing up medicine, he may be of some real service; but to allow him any further liberty is unnecessary, inexpedient, yea, awfully dangerous. This is clearly proved in the books of Expe-

rience, the old school master. If Alcohol cannot be confined to these limits, let him be totally and for ever exterminated. Better for men to die by dozens, if needs be, for the want of some articles of medicine, than to be destroyed by thousands at the hands of this monster."

Mr. Public-good thought it was now time for him to say something. He looked pale and sickly, and as I noticed him more particularly, I saw that his vestments were bloody, and that he had been wounded in several places. He supported himself with a crutch, and thus addressed the army of Alcohol:—

"Friends and Countrymen, hear my complaints,—Friends and Countrymen, behold my wounds. Look at my hands, my face, my bloody garments. Do you ask who has thus abused and injured me? Yonder is the monster; it is that same Alcohol, under whose banner you are marshalled. For many generations has this dæmon been encroaching on my rights, injuring my character, defacing my beauty, and piercing me through and through with many grievous wounds. Still

he is not contented; and I perceive that of late he is filled with uncommon wrath, and that he is bent on my total overthrow. Nothing but my heart's blood will satisfy him. Why has he constructed all those fortifications? Why collected this vast army? One great object is to batter down all my strong holds, disperse my soldiers, ruin my cause, and level me with the dust. Friends and Countrymen, you know not what you do. You become my worst enemies, by becoming the friends of Alcohol. As you increase his strength, you increase my weakness and sufferings. Every blow which you strike in his defence, draws from my veins the current of life; and if you persevere in this course you will at last bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. For my sake, for humanity's sake, for your own sake, for the sake of your wives, your children, your neighbours, your native land, and the world at large, abandon the standard of Alcohol." He added no more, but wept bitterly. Some of Alcohol's soldiers wept. This nettled the Prince prodigiously, for he could not endure to see his soldiers manifest any signs of a

tender heart. "Who is this Mr. Public-good?" said he, in a foam. "Don't listen to him, he is an imposter. The real Mr. Public-good is my special friend, and I have taken him under my special charge. Yes, and I will fight for him as long as I live; for he is a worthy man, and I love him most tenderly."

I observed that many of the captains of Alcohol's fortifications, who gathered round to hear the debate, took up zealously for the Prince. And why should they not, since he had bribed them by giving them a sight of Mammon's box? True, their own souls and bodies were in imminent danger, but this is nothing. Who can have the hardihood and effrontery to say that a pinch or two of yellow dirt is not an ample equivalent for the ruin of health, character, family, country, and for the pains of eternal damnation.

Thus my dream moralized. And some of the captains of Emanuel's forts too (they are sometimes called preachers) had many things to say for the Prince. This made Alcohol leap for joy, and many of his soldiers said, "This is clever; we love these liberal, ge-

nerous souls; we thought we were right, but now we know that we are, for the preachers are with us."

There were some who said that they were perfectly willing that all should do as they pleased. They would not for their life oppose any one who wished to desert even the silken banner, and march under the colour of Total-abstinence. Indeed they were ready to acknowledge, that if all the world would follow the instructions of Mr. Experience, the school-master, the condition of mankind would be vastly improved. None were greater enemies to Alcohol than themselves, none more deeply and sincerely lamented his success, or could be more heartily rejoiced to see him routed; but still they could not perceive that their marching under the silken banner would result in any injury to themselves or others; neither could they be convinced that by flying to the standard of Total-abstinence they could possibly accomplish any possible good. "Poor creatures," thought I, "Alcohol has crammed you with his logic from the pit; he has put you under the command of Col. Inconsiderate, and chained you

fast to Inconsistency. He has set Bad-examples, his great recruiting officer, on your shoulders, and compels you to hold him up to the view of your families and fellow-citizens, that they may be enticed to his ranks, and trained up for perdition."

The debate continued for a long time. I do not remember the half that was said; nor have I time, paper, and patience to record the half that I remember. The last speaker was Mr. Conscience. He ascended an eminence in the very midst of the encampment, and thundered away at a tremendous rate. He directed his remarks principally to the Drink-deep Battalion and the Drunken Posse. He gave a solemn sanction to many things which had been said by his friends, who had preceded him, and he read aloud several of Emanual's hand-bills. He then proceeded to this effect:—

"Rebels, self-destroyers, mad-men! What are you doing, where are you going? Your Prince is a murderer; your cause is the cause of dæmons; your conduct is rebellion against Heaven, and the road you are travelling leads to everlasting burnings. You are abusing

your friends, driving out of the world many worthy soldiers, and transfixing your own souls with the arrows of death. There is a time to die, a time to be judged, and what will be said to the shame of Alcohol in the great day of accounts? '*Depart ye cursed!*' O that you were wise, that you would consider this, that you would think of your latter end!"

In this strain Conscience went on for some time, until many of Alcohol's men were thrown into a terrible panic. Some of them resolved to quit his ranks, and said one to another, "We have acted foolishly, we have sinned; let us abandon the ranks of the Prince, and fly to the region of safety."

CHAPTER IV.

Alcohol is now for fighting; so at it he goes—Dreadful work; Reason, Experience, Public-good and Conscience are sadly worried—Many good men are put down, and many worthless fellows put up—A peep at the Touch-not encampment, and then at some other things not quite so pleasant.

Alcohol perceiving that things were getting into a bad train, and he soon found himself in a better mood for fighting than for talking; though he thought it best to say a few things as preparatory to battle. "Soldiers," said he, "especially you of the Drink-deep Battalion, and my brave Legion of Honour, it seems that some people of the baser sort have conspired against me, and appear determined to oppose and win my cause. I have not time to answer their arguments by long speeches; I shall stop their mouths in another way. Suffice it to say, however, that they are scoundrels, that they have misrepresented my character, motives, and designs; that every thing they have said is a lie, all a lie,

nothing but a lie. Many of you, at first, defended my cause nobly; I thank you for it; but you finally appeared to be much disaffected. This argues simplicity and cowardice, not to say treason, against your Prince, who is ready to pour out his heart's blood in your defence. But my words must be few. Understand, then, brave soldiers, that these fellows must be put down. To your ranks!—prepare for battle!" So saying, he darted through his army like a blazing comet, arranged his lines in a trice, and soon infused his own fierce spirit into his troops. The Drunken Posse were stationed in front; they were men of tried courage, and well armed for the conflict. The Drink-deep Battalion were drawn up in their rear; and in the rear of all, and upon the flanks, and upon the surrounding hills, Alcohol stationed his Sip-often and Temperate Battalions, and directed them to do what little execution they could, with their slings, cross-bows, and other light armour. The vast army now occupied the fields of Mischief, (they were spacious,) though the Sip-often and Temperate folks would have it they occupied the region of

Do-no-harm. Some thought this a strange blunder, and so it was; nevertheless, I could in some measure account for it, for Alcohol had raised a fog in those parts, and they could not see clearly. The army being arranged to the Prince's mind, he immediately sends off heralds to the surrounding garrisons, directing them to keep his army well supplied with ammunition, and to support the attack by keeping up from their battalions a constant and tremendous fire. "To the work, brave soldiers," cried Alcohol, "charge—charge!" And so they did, with vengeance, as my dream taught me; they rushed on with fury, especially the brave, redoubtable Drunken Posse. Reason, Experience, and their friends, soon found themselves in a hobble before they had time to prepare for it. However, they mustered their troops after a sort, and made as brave a defence as possible. They were conscious of being engaged in a good cause, and this made them truly valiant; but ah! what could they do against such a general as Alcohol, and such veterans as composed his Legion of Honor? Reason received some terrible blows on his head, was

tumbled into a deep ditch, and for some time could neither hear, speak, nor see. "How are the mighty fallen," thought I; yes, and poor Mr. Public-good fared not a whit better, for he was sadly cut and pierced in many places; he bled profusely, at length fainted out-right, and in this miserable predicament, he was carried from the field.—"Experience, Experience, where art thou?" cried I. He could not answer: his gray head, it seems, had afforded him no protection. The soldiers of Alcohol threw him down, broke his spectacles, cut off his venerable cue, and filled his eyes and mouth with mud. And as for Conscience, that son of thunder, he fared but little better. They gagged him, run a bodkin through his tongue, broke his sword, and inflicted upon his limbs so much wanton injury, that it was full as much as he could accomplish to crawl off, and hide in the bushes. The commanders being disabled, the rest of the army was routed without much further difficulty. Alcohol pressed on, scoured the surrounding country, and did more mischief than I could well give an account of. Many good and brave men felt the weight of his

sword, and a large extent of territory came under his sway.

Industry was among the slain, and several of his sons, such as Strong-limbs, Heavy-purse, Full-cellar, Sweet-sleep, and some others. Domestic-bliss was routed; Good-order, Decency, Tender-heart, Fine-feelings, Modesty, Good-morals, and a host of others, equally worthy, shared a mournful fate.

But it was not enough for the Prince to put down good men, but he must needs exalt the wicked; and in accomplishing this he lost no time. "Time," said Dr. Franklin, "is money," so said Alcohol; for the reader must know that he had picked up many such pithy sayings, which he turned to very good account. He had many children and grand children, as well as a large gang of remoter relatives, and other intimate friends. These he took special care to promote, for he would often say, (blasphemous wretch,) "If any provide not for his own, and especially those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Indolence was one, and his sons Neglect-business, Care-for-nothing, Light-pocket, with many others

Beast-heart and Swinish were characters whom Alcohol ever delighted to honour, and he soon had it in his power to render them eminently conspicuous. Hard-heart got a commission, too; and Bruit-bliss, Passion, Anger, Revenge, and Flame-lust, with their wretched progeny, were taken under the Prince's patronage. Silly-pate, Bad-bargain, Gobble-tongue, Big-brag, Wriggle-shanks, Fiddle-heels, Shuffle-cards; Pitch-in-the-ditch, with many hundreds equally meritorious, had no right to complain of neglect. Riot, Law-wrangler, Blasphemy, Curse-christian, Murder, Thirst-for-blood, False-tongue, Light-fingers, and all their kindred, even to fourth cousins, were honoured with marks of special favour. Most of them, and many others, received commissions in Alcohol's army—many of them in the Drink-deep Battalion, but a majority of them in the Drunken Posse. They were authorized, nay, specially charged, to do all the mischief they possibly could, and as the army was marching along towards the pit, to make frequent excursions into the surrounding country, and scatter fire-brands, arrows, and death. But

although these base officers did much injury to others, and rendered all the region through which they passed unpleasant, and even dangerous; yet the greatest injury done was to Alcohol's own soldiers.—They loaded down the men under their command with all kinds of abuse, stirred up a perpetual uproar, turned their own weapons against their friends, and invented a thousand schemes to destroy their peace, blast their characters, and hurry them on to perdition. And yet the soldiers were very intimate with them; many of them they caressed and doated on with infernal affection and delight, and even those whom they hated, and would have been glad to desert, they were obliged to follow and obey, for thus had Alcohol ordained. Then I thought in my dream, that Alcohol was a hard master.

Alcohol gave Disease a new commission, and his whole tribe, Consumption, Fever, Dropsy, Apoplexy, &c., and sent them out with flying colours. Thus he strengthened the throne and doubled the territory of Death. One individual must not be forgotten—he was a notable character in the army

of Alcohol. His name was Jack Vomit; and a vile imp, too, another name indeed for filthiness itself. He seemed to be the very quintessence of all the Tartar and Ipecac in the world. His business was with the people's stomachs. After Alcohol had marched his army violently, especially over the Dizzy Mountains, (of which we shall speak anon,) this miscreant was turned loose to cut his filthy pranks, to the no small annoyance of Alcohol's soldiers, and of all persons near who might be so unfortunate as to have keen noses.

After the Prince had made what improvement he could of his recent victory, he then, in a very formal manner, returned his hearty thanks to his officers and soldiers, for the prompt and efficient aid they had rendered him in his enterprise. Those who had afforded him special aid, received special commendation, for Alcohol was truly a discerner of merit in his way. He informed his troops that they must expect to fight many more battles, that though Reason, Conscience, and their friends seemed to be routed, many of them after a little would revive, and be sure

to create future disturbances, and that they must hold themselves in readiness to attack them at all times and in all places, until they should either be slain or driven out of the world. The Prince sent his thanks also to the captains of the garrisons, urged them to redoubled efforts, and enjoined it upon them with an emphasis peculiar to himself, to give Reason, Conscience, Public-good and all their abettors and allies no quarter. "They are wicked, mischievous men," said he, "be valiant, brave coadjutors, and we shall obtain over them a most signal, complete, and honourable victory."

I was much distressed at the sight of these things, and wet my couch with tears. A messenger stood by me.—"Friend," said he, "I have seen your distress, and have come to comfort you; follow me to yonder hill, and I will show you a pleasant sight." I followed. After ascending the eminence, my guide directed my eyes towards a plain where I beheld a delightful encampment. There was the Touch-not Battalion, of which I had heard something, but was anxious to hear more. The standard pleased me much. On

one side was beautifully wrought in needle-work a pitcher of water; on the other side was a dwarfish representation of Alcohol snugly corked up in a bottle, and standing upon an apothecary's shelf. "Safety and a good conscience," was the motto. Self-denial was standard-bearer, Total-abstinence commanded. They were encamped in the plains of Security; Order arranged the ranks; Prosperity, Peace, Cheerfulness, and Solid-joy blessed them with their presence; the large families of Sobriety and Virtue held commissions in the army; and Health, a blooming nymph, brought them water from a mountain spring. Hospitality was there, and Humanity and True-friendship were there: and there I saw a good Samaritan dressing the wounds of Public-good, who had been carried thither, faint and bloody, from the field of battle. True-wisdom was stationed on a delightful eminence near the encampment, and through a golden trumpet called upon the nations to enlist under the banner of Total-abstinence. "And are there any," said I to my guide, "are there any who can refuse to obey the summons of True-

wisdom?" "None," replied he, "but those who are led astray by Inconsideration, or who listen to the voice of Appetite, or yield to the tyranny of Fashion." As I gazed at the encampment I was filled with rapture, and could but exclaim, "How goodly are the Touch-not tents, and thy tabernacles, O Abstinence!"

My guide now disappeared, and I again saw a sight which made me weep. Alcohol appeared, and took his station with some of his army upon a distant elevation, which rose pleasantly from Temptation plains. The silken banner was unfolded to the wind, and made a bright and fascinating display. Alcohol did not meditate a violent attack upon the Touch-not entrenchments, for he very well knew that he could not secure any advantage over the Cold-water troops, unless he could first entice them from the standard of Self-denial, and seduce them along into the regions of Indulgence, where waved the silken banner. He now resorts to craft. He fills the air with the fascinating savor of his breath, which had been perfumed with the frankincense of the pit. He beckons the sol-

diers of Total-abstinence towards him with the most inviting gestures; his countenance appears like the face of an angel of light, and with sweet, mellow, heart-melting tones did he intreat them again and again to flock to the silken banner and be happy. Many of his soldiers repeated the exhortations of their leader. Parents who were standing in his ranks spake of their Prince in terms of warmest praise, and invited their children to come forth from the tents of Abstinence, and join the min the Temperate Battalion. Ministers came forward; and if they said nothing, their conduct and example seemed to say, "Come, ye people of our charge, who delight so much in that mountain spring, come go with us, and we will do you good." The noble of the earth came forward in pomp, and invited their inferiors up to an honourable equality with their noble selves. Friends enticed friends, neighbours enticed neighbours, saints enticed saints, and even invited the ungodly to the snare. These arts succeeded with thousands; they fled from the standard of Self-denial, took the road of danger, hurried into the region of Indulgence,

and ranged themselves under the silken banner. Then I considered in my dream, that art is sometimes more dangerous than force; that the good, the wise, and the virtuous may unconsciously aid the cause of deception, be the means of seducing those whom they most tenderly love, from the entrenchments of Security, and helping them on to destruction. I groaned in my sleep—and here the chapter ends.

CHAPTER V.

And could I be so uncivil as not to dream more particularly about the Ladies? No, no, no—So here is a chapter for the daughters of Eve, I beg them to read with special attention.—Alcohol assails the fair, and many are ensnared—this was intolerable, and I must needs make a speech in my sleep, which was something odd.

Soon after the events recorded in the preceding chapter, a new thought popped into the head of Prince Alcohol, (O that it had never penetrated his skull,) which he at once resolved to make the most of. He was still standing on the little elevation in the plains of Temptation, in full view of the Touch-not encampment. "The ladies, the dear ladies, are worthy of more special notice." (Thus commenced the Prince's soliloquy.) "True, I addressed them in my general proclamation to the world, but they require and deserve more marked civility. Oh, the precious, sweet creatures! If I can win them over pretty generally to my cause, I can best succeed with Adam's sons, for more than half

of the world are under the thumb of the charming fair. I have been so much assisted by them in ages past, that I am admonished of how much greater assistance they might be to me, were I to avail myself of their co-operation to the greatest possible extent. My lord and master, Satan, beguiled Eve, and then Eve seduced her simple husband; by this single fact I am reminded of my duty, and of the great aid which I might look for from ensnared women. I do not expect to get many of them into the Drunken Posse, but a greater number than have yet been operated upon, can be easily induced to flock to the silken banner, and thus countenance and encourge their husbands in my service, recommend me to their visiters, and teach their dear little children, while yet in their cradles to turn their faces towards the pit."

This wicked thought was no sooner conceived, than it was opened into a fixed purpose, and developed in a course of practical operation. Alcohol was for action; he went right ahead;—so I said to myself, "Let good men take a hint from a dæmon."

"Ladies, kind ladies," cried the Prince, "my voice is weakened by long and loud speaking; will you be so obliging as to step forward a little from your ranks, that you may hear with greater ease a few things which I have to say, things which have long been treasured up in my loving heart for you. I have a great secret to communicate, and believe me it will be vastly to your benefit to come into the possession of it." This reminded me of a speech which Alcohol's master made nearly six thousand years ago, "Ye shall be as gods." But not to digress, Prudence advised the ladies not to advance; True-wisdom also dissuaded them; but one Idle-curiosity, a prying, squinting, impertinent fellow, a special friend of the ladies, and yet woman's most dangerous adviser, urged them by all means to step forward a little, and hear what the Prince had to say. Many of them, genuine daughters of Eve, wished prodigiously to get into Alcohol's great secret, and unconsciously advanced to listen. And then such a bowing and scraping, and palavering as the Prince made; such smiles, such loving looks, such

heart-piercing glances of the eye, such genteel airs, such a shedding forth of delectable perfumes,—the ladies involuntarily cried out, "dear, sweet creature, he looks like an angel; Chesterfield would appear a downright clown by the side of him. Such an eye, such a countenance, such a charming voice—and O what a sweet breath—surely the dear angelic creature does not intend any harm."

"No, gentle ladies," said the Prince, (for he overheard their exclamations,) "I intend no harm. Many a lover is deceitful, but this was never said of me. My heart is on my tongue; what I say, I feel. You appear, sweet ladies, to be very happy and cheerful, but what a pity that you cannot be prevailed upon to have your enjoyment greatly augmented. Is there no empty desire in your soul which you wish filled up? No thorn of care which you wish gently extracted? Are your hopes so high that they are incapable of any higher elevation? Your prospects so bright, that no new brightness can be imparted to them? Can your kind, gentle hearts receive no improvement, your sweet tempers no more sweetness? O how

ardently I long for the privilege of doing you good. It is the heighth of my ambition to bless the fair. You know not as yet, precious creatures, what true happiness is, nor will you know this, till you make trial of my friendship. Behold the silken banner ! How delightful it waves, and curls, and flutters in the breeze. Behold the ranks which surround it; how cheerful and happy they appear. Do you not hear the ravishing sounds of music and dancing? With me you will learn true gentility. With me you will find the means of improving your kindness, hospitality, and friendship. I can help you to the wonderful art of talking much without thinking any; and making those who have no brains, appear as agreeable, witty, and wise, as those who have an abundance. My service is favourable to the cultivation of love, humour, good feeling, and good manners. Innocent-amusement scatters flowers in our paths; and Civil-mirth crowns our heads with garlands. Charming creatures, come along." As though drawn by resistless magic they advance. "Charming creatures, come along, how pleasant your gait, how

enchanting your looks; hasten on, and I will be to you more than a friend and father." True-wisdom cried "stop;" Prudence cried "stop;" Experience the school-master, who had by this time worked himself a little out of his recent dilemma, cried "stop;" in short the whole company that remained by the Touch-not standard, cried out with united voice, "stop, stop, stop." But on the dear creatures went head-long, and head-strong. Can you frighten the bird, which, under the influence of the serpent's charm, is just stepping into his mouth? They were soon under the silken banner. Alcohol was delighted to the core; and there was joy in hell.

Many blooming maids were among the new recruits; and many mothers, too, who carried along with them their cradles and rocked their babes under the silken banner. The poor little creatures did not at first seem at all to relish the place. They spit, and made up wry faces, and kicked and squalled. The mothers would sing lullaby, rock and pat them, and say, "dear little things, be quiet; take it patiently, darlings, it will do you good to be here;" but nothing would do

until they had collected all the children together in the Toddy Legion, and had gotten Sergeant Sugar, the person who acted as Alcohol's aid, when viewing this part of the battalion, to rock their cradles, and sing the little creatures to sleep. Thus, by degrees, their taste was corrupted, and nature's grain sadly bent; and they grew up to love Alcohol, as Romulus and his brother loved the wolf that suckled them, or as a lamb would love the tiger that might protect and fondle it, till it should be of sufficient size to afford him a meal and glut his savage maw. Soldiers thus trained up from childhood, Alcohol preferred to all others, for he considered them as the fairest candidates for a place in his Legion of Honour. Thousands of them were promoted to this place of permanent degradation, before they arrive to the state of manhood, and if all of them did not share the same wretched fate, no thanks to maternal kindness and example.

And in how many other ways was female influence exerted, (thus my dream instructed me,) in supporting the tyrant's cause. The ladies would introduce the Prince to their

friends, visiters, and sweet-hearts; and who could be so rude as to turn away from one recommended to their notice by the fair, especially by those whose hearts they wish to win? They spoke pleasantly to many of Alcohol's soldiers, even those of the Drunken Posse, and would often profess to be wonderfully amused by their silly pranks; and who could be ashamed of any thing that does not disgust the ladies, and especially of that which affords them delight? Wives would say to their husbands, "Come take a short march with Alcohol this morning, it will do you good; you don't seem well to-day." And who could refuse any little prescription recommended by one's better half, and urged upon him by her affectionate persuasions? The parson calls, "Dear minister, you have been labouring hard in the pulpit, and seem exhausted; do take a walk with us under the silken banner." And could a parson, with all his sanctity, be so rude as to deny the ladies in such a small matter? He yields, and what he does the people may do, the whole world may do. And sometimes the ladies would say, "What stiff, uncivil, precise

fellows are these of the Touch-not ranks; ha—ha—ha;—poor things, we are obliged to laugh at them." "And has woman, kind woman, turned monster?" exclaimed I in my dream. My blood boiled smartly for a moment; but I soon ordered Reflection to dash on a little cold water, for, thought I, no one has a right to get angry with the ladies. However, I was so much exercised on the subject, that, asleep as I was, I sprang from my couch, put on an oratorical air, and in my fancy made the following speech:

"Dear Ladies, allow me to remind you of the power of female influence. My lips are not speaking flattery; I give you credit for nothing more than what God your Maker allows you to claim, without subjecting yourselves to the imputation of vanity. It is not yours to mingle in the rough and thorny scenes of life, and by masculine authority to control the destinies of the world; but in the nursery, at the domestic fireside, in the social circle, and other retired and gentle scenes, it is yours to give the first direction and impulse to thought, to give to the heart an abiding impress, and to character its hue and texture.

You are imparting a lasting flavour to those mountain springs, which are destined to send forth their pure or polluted waters into various and extended regions. You have the moulding of the feelings, the habits, the principles of communities. Your instrumentality (under God) materially affects the destinies of empires. Princes and kings are sitting upon your knees, and receiving laws from your lips. Universal consent has invested you with peculiar prerogatives. You can speak and act when others cannot; you can reprove where others dare not. The combined influence of your loveliness, beauty, and affection, gives terror to your frowns, and resistless power to your smiles. It imparts force to your arguments, pungency to your rebukes, and renders successful those bold expostulations, which would perhaps often procure for the other sex, insult and even violence. Your influence, though soft and gentle as the zephyr which impresses its kisses on the flowery landscape, is still as powerful as the rushing wind, which raises into mountain waves the surface of the great deep.

"How then shall this influence be exerted? In the defence of man's best interests, or in the destruction of all that is dear? In purifying, or corrupting the fountains of domestic bliss and national prosperity? Shall your strength be lent to the aid of virtue, or to consummate the triumphs of vice? Shall your influence come down upon society in dews of celestial mercy, or must it send out a pestilential breath to curse, wither, and destroy? Shall your influence be converted into infernal sorcery to entice souls to ruin, or shall it put on the attractions of mercy, to allure the erring from the paths of danger? No doubt you are ready to reply, 'We wish to exert our strength in a proper way.' Lend it not then to the cause of Alcohol. Forsake his banners, snatch your children from his ranks, and in the exercise of that authority which is peculiarly your own, command the world to forsake him.

"Look at that Drunken Posse. You have aided in filling its ranks. Some of your own sex are *there;* and is there any thing more disgusting and hateful, than to see a female marching after that dog-skin, and fighting

for a dæmon? If you are shocked at the issue, should you not abhor and shun the first step that conducts to such an end? Many of your sons are there, and their folly and crimes have filled your cup with wormwood. Look again; ten thousand husbands are there; and O how many hearts have they broken! They have caused many amiable and virtuous wives to shed tears of gall, to heave day after day, and year after year, the perpetual sighs of unavailing anguish; and having wrapped themselves in rags, and lain down on their beds of straw, in the bitterness of their souls to curse the day that they were born. Poverty, neglect, scorn, curses, stripes, bruises, are a part of their sad inheritance. The wretches who once swore to love, cherish, and defend them, have become their tormenting dæmons; and Alcohol made them so. Soon many of these wives will put on the robes of widowhood, and then, with their helpless little ones, they must beg a crust of bread at the door of charity, or die. Such the blessedness of having such husbands. But these husbands once had mothers. Ah! and perhaps the first step, which maternal

guidance enabled them to take in tottering infancy, was under the silken banner. Mothers perhaps dedicated them to the dæmon and said, "Alcohol is good, march gently on dear little ones." Cruel mothers! to sacrifice upon an altar worse than Moloch's the fruit of your own bodies. Now let me solemnly inquire, how *can* you, how *dare* you countenance an enemy, that has thus abused your own sex, and compels you thus to abuse your helpless children! How can you indulge the least fondness for the monster who is preparing daggers for your hearts, and coals of fire for your paths! On your own heads falls a tremendous curse; you are the deepest sufferers. Methinks I see your bosoms swelling with just indignation; let it have full vent; let it fall upon the monster's pate. It is in your power to crush him. You can desert his ranks. You can influence your children. You can refuse to introduce the villain to your friends. You can set forth his base character and expose his abominable deeds. You can address his soldiers with a severity of reproof, which they must feel. And those of you who are candi-

dates for Heaven's bliss and honours—I can tell you what you can do—you can declare to all your admiring lovers, that if they wish to secure your hearts and hands, they must be divorced from Alcohol. Ah! this will touch them. Adam's boys must have wives any how; and rather than not get them, they would gladly forsake the banners of the Prince, and fly to the ranks of Total-abstinence."

In this manner I spun out my oration. But many dream of talking; and many actually talk while dreaming; but who ever cared much for the lucubrations of a sleeping man? Alas! alas! I am sadly afraid that my sweat and toil and vociferations were in vain. However, I can assure my readers, that had I actually been awake, I should have said pretty much the same thing; and now that I am wide awake, and in the exercise of as much wit and wisdom as I *ever* had, recording my midnight phantasms, I say—"AMEN TO THE SPEECH."

CHAPTER VI.

But great folks require some special notice; I therefore proceed to set forth as well as I can, how Prince Alcohol made it go with the nobility—He ensnares them like flies—Sends an official message to the pit, informing Satan and the Council of the great success—There is great joy—Alcohol is thanked and gets a sword.

Alcohol had caught a great many of the *big fish* already, but he wishes to get more, (greedy monster!) he consequently mends his net, and spreads it out high and deep. "How shall I manage these fellows?" said he, at the same time scratching his head, and looking thoughtful. The question was soon settled. "I will begin," replied the Prince to his own question, "with the proclamation scheme." He was a ready scribe, and sooner than one could have imagined, out came the address fresh and smoking. It must be recorded in my little book.

"To the Kings, Legislators, Judges, and all other great men among the nations,

Prince Alcohol, the Benefactor, sends out salutations.

"Most noble, great, good, and wise men! I wish you health, peace, long life, and all other blessings which your hearts can possibly crave. With the most profound respect do I send this my special Proclamation to your royal ears. You have seen my general address to the nations, in which you perceive, noble princes, that I made special mention of your most excellent highnesses; but that you may not think me wanting in true courtesy and respect, I have taken it upon myself to address your honours and lordships, in a manner better suited to your exalted rank, and more fully expressive of my unfeigned and profound respect. A consciousness of my own integrity, and the strong desire I have to render you some aid in the prosecution of your great schemes, and vast labours, make me somewhat bolder than might seem meet, in this my humble approach to your ears. Be entreated to accept of the services of a real friend. Think it not presumption, when I take it upon myself, humbly and respectfully to assure your most royal high-

nesses that it will be no stoop from your excellent dignity to accept of my friendship, receive my proffered aid, and honour me, your humble servant, so far as to enlist under my banners. My service has ever been useful to the great; multitudes have found it to be so; and, most honourable sirs, I wish you all to favour me with your gracious smiles for the good of your souls, your thrones, and your people. Kings have the burden of empire; I can help them to sustain it. Legislators need wisdom; I can teach them many excellent things. Judges are to search out justice; I can clarify their skulls, whet their discernment, bring to a wholesome degree of uprightness the moral faculty, and so strengthen their nerves that they can hold an even skull. Great commanders need courage; they have to face daggers, swords, the cannon's mouth, and all the black storm of battle. But what can they do without Alcohol? If courage is worth having, victory desirable, the applause of the world worth securing as the reward of great and desperate deeds, then, ye heroes of the nations, ye will not reject my call, and turn away from my loving entreaties.

No, you will not, you cannot; for I am persuaded that your good sense holds such a predominancy over your minds and conduct, that you will find it infinitely easier to persuade yourselves to listen to this my humble appeal, than I did so far to vanquish my extreme modesty as to send this proclamation to your virtuous and august ears. With sentiments of profoundest esteem, and with a heart bursting open with strong love for your most excellent highnesses, I subscribe myself,

"ALCOHOL,
"*The Benefactor.*"

Many copies of the Proclamation were scattered up and down through the nations. In the mean time the Prince sent despatches to the captains of his garrisons, stirring them up to afford him all possible aid in his undertaking; and he gave also a most special charge to all the presiding dæmons;—indeed he oiled every wheel in his great machine of villainy, and spared no pains to bring to a favourable issue this infernal enterprise.

And how did he succeed with the nobi-

lity? Wonderfully, wonderfully. His Proclamation was exceeding popular, and was read with loud cheers and huzzaing in all the palaces round about through the nations. The greatest thought it not degrading to pay their respects to the Prince; crowned heads invited him to court, gave him the best seat at their levees, took him into their private apartments, and even allowed him to usurp their thrones. The great folks of all descriptions rushed into his nets, like insects into a spider's web; indeed, the Prince succeeded so much better than he expected, that he was not a little angry with himself for making such a low bow in his Proclamation.

But would these great folks march under his banners? O yes; and they were ranked by Alcohol amongst his very best soldiers. They scorned to be seen moping along under the silken banner. Great men must aspire to honours corresponding to their rank; so they pushed on valiantly, and not a few soon had the privilege of being in the Legion of Honour. And they were marvellously fond, too, of some of Alcohol's brave officers, especially Capt. Swinish, and Col. Beast-

heart. They would wrap these dear creatures in their purple robes, and hug them up to their sides, as though they were afraid that some more fortunate and successful rivals might seduce them from their company.

Well, Alcohol had promised the kings great things; how did he fulfil his engagements? He made them forget the people's rights, compelled them to introduce into their cabinets Hard-heart, Iron-rod, and many such worthy characters; and Jack Vomit got frequent access to their noble persons and made them puke upon their thrones. The Prince kept some of them so constantly in his ranks that they had but little time to go home and attend to the affairs of their kingdoms. What a glorious sight to see heads adorned with crowns of gold and diamonds, poking along after a dog-skin!!

But did Alcohol serve the judges so? They fared no better. Instead of imparting wisdom, he saddled their skulls with Folly. He introduced to their notice one Forget-right, and another worthy fellow Shallow-sight; (their natures, as well as their names rhyme)—the former used an old pair of rusty scales and

divers weights, which Emanuel considered an abomination: and the latter had thick cataracts in his eyes.

And how fared the brave generals to whom the Prince had made such fair promises? Better than they could have hoped for. Alcohol made them fight with crooked guns: and how, therefore, could they help hitting the mark and winning the prize? And to make their success the more sure and glorious, he put them under the direction of some of his own generals, particularly Blind-rage, and False-courage. Thus sustained, they swept along marvellously, and reapt honours by the cart-load, and some of them were such honours as would tickle and dignify a menial upon a dung-hill.

Nor did the great legislators of the world lose their reward. What more could they desire than to make speeches, revise codes and constitutions with Alcohol's man Silly-pate at their elbow; and march under the tow-cloth and dog-skin banners? If any man aspires after greater distinction than this, let him be fool enough to forsake Alco-

hol, give up his beastly indulgences, and be a man.

Thus matters went on. Surely something great and good must have oozed out of this mass of things. Yes, verily; as much good as any one could have reasonably expected. The wheels of government, and many public vehicles were terribly clogged. Many spokes and cogs were broken out; a great many tyres dropped off, and withal there was much squeaking of axletrees. Indeed, I saw some public carts that had no wheels at all, and many brave charioteers drove along heavily through the mud, as did anciently those of Pharaoh. I then recollected what Emanuel had said, "It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink." And again, "As a roaring lion, and a raging bear: so is a wicked ruler over the poor people;" and yet again, "When the wicked bear rule, the people mourn." All this I felt to be the truth. Wholesome-law was much oppressed; Justice could not always get her claims attended to; Good-order got his legs broke by heavy blocks and stones hurled from halls and

thrones by some of Alcohol's big folks; and Public-morals caught a loathsome disease from the great, and in some places was filled with wounds and bruises and putrefying sores. The common people saw what was going on; for every man is not a loggerhead who happens to live in a log house. "Well," said they with united voice, "what great men do must be great; what judges do must be just; what wise men do must be witty; and what generals do must be brave. Come, let us follow on, and not be ashamed of good company." Alcohol was a great leveller; and this pleased the rabble: so they tugged on after the nobility, and thought it no small honour to be so near the great.

The Prince now thinks it proper to send an official report of his proceedings and success to the pit. Here it is.

"Prince Alcohol, to his great king and master, Satan. Dread majesty, I have much important news to communicate to your imperial highness, and through you to the grand Council. You have no doubt heard of my operations on earth under my new commission; but that I might not appear

wanting in any act of respect, loyalty, and duty, and that you might be in possession of facts in an unquestionable shape, I deemed it proper to make this official communication. Know, then, great sovereign, that every thing is moving on in the most encouraging train. The first thing I considered suitable to be done was to issue a proclamation. It was the very dregs of Falsehood's old cask, but the people drank it down, smacked their lips, and called it charming. I then repaired my old forts, and erected many new ones, so that I have now a triple line of fortifications, all manned and armed under my own inspection; they are in constant and delightful operation, and doing vast execution in your majesty's behalf. In the next place, I reorganized my army according to a plan which you will find fully developed in one of the documents which accompany this official letter. [Let these documents be carefully deposited in the desk of Beelzebub, with the archives of the pit.] The army has received rapid and large augmentations, and it is pushing on its victories in the most splendid style. It will please your majesty to know,

that I have had a battle with Reason, Public-good, Experience, and Conscience, and have gained over them many signal advantages. Many other mortal enemies of yours have felt the power of my arm; and many of your faithful friends have been promoted to such stations, as their respective merits seemed to call for, and where it was supposed they would most effectually aid your good and virtuous cause.

"My stratagems have succeeded wonderfully against that most dreaded army under the command of Total-abstinence. Thousands have deserted the cold-water banner, and amongst the rest many of the daughters of Eve. The last named fact I mention with peculiar pleasure, and I am sure you will receive the intelligence with equal delight; inasmuch as it may be regarded as a most auspicious omen,—*when Eve plucks the apple, Adam will eat it.*

"But, great sovereign, this is not all; I have had a contest with the nobility, and they fall before me. I have in past generations furnished you with much noble prey, but never before have I reapt such a harvest

amongst the great. They are to me no more than grasshoppers. They flock to my nets like flies to a molasses keg, or to an old putrid sore. Many of them belong to my Legion of Honour, and they would be an honour to any legion. Such excellent, devoted soldiers I have never had the happiness of commanding. They are meek, gentle, obedient, brave. They are passionately fond of my officers, and their attachment to me is wonderful. They urge me to their palaces, their council chambers, their private apartments, and even to their very thrones. They hang on to my skirts, embrace me, kiss me, and even lie down humbly at my feet. When Public-duty sends a message to call them from my ranks to attend to the affairs of Empire, they often dismiss him with an oath and a kick, and cling to the dog-skin banner. Encouraged by this example, the common people flock in vast multitudes to my standards. And (what your Majesty will be pleased to hear) I have lately bribed Mr. Public-opinion to become my trumpeter. He has the best trumpet on earth, and the people stand in great fear of him. Most of

them pay more attention to the sound of his trumpet than they do the persuasions of Reason, the calls of Duty, the advice of Experience, the thunderings of Conscience, or even the voice of Emanuel. In that province of Earth, which they call the United States, according to the special instructions which your majesty was pleased to give me, I have made most desperate efforts to strengthen your cause, and not without the most flattering and signal success. I have made many indirect assaults upon the forts of Emanuel, and not in vain; but I have not yet made my great desperate onset. I am now busily engaged in making preparations for the encounter, and I have no doubt that I shall be able ere long, to rejoice your majesty's heart with the details of a splendid victory.

"On the whole, great prince, my hopes, at the first sanguine and highly elevated, have been more than realized. Cheer up, great sovereign, and let all the dæmons in your vast empire rejoice. I once ventured to declare, that 'nothing but dishonourable fears would make our cause desperate.' I would now urge this sentiment with tenfold

confidence, and I hope that you will cause it to be chiselled on the marble walls of hell.

"Farewell, most noble sovereign,

"PRINCE ALCOHOL,

"*Captain General of his Satanic Majesty's forts and forces in the Province of Earth.*"

No sooner had Satan read this official letter of Alcohol, than he summoned the great Council. They soon discovered from his countenance that his heart was merry, and the cause was fully explained by the reading of Alcohol's letter. Five hundred infernal cheers shook the arches of the pit. A day of thanksgiving was appointed, and the Council passed a resolution, that their special thanks be presented to the Prince, and as a still more expressive testimony of their regard for Alcohol, and his vast services, they voted him a splendid sword, to be made of the best materials, and by the most skilful artisan to be found in the pit. The sword was soon hammered out, and on the blade was recorded in bright burnish the resolution of thanks, and a brief recapitulation of Alcohol's mighty acts. Off

they sent it by the hand of their messenger extraordinary, called Hell-joy.

Alcohol took the sword, read the inscription, and looked big. It was evident that he now thought more of himself than ever, and it was even whispered that he considered the second office in the empire not quite honourable enough; and that he would probably try this new sword upon the skull of his master; but this was a mistake.

CHAPTER VII.

Alcohol attacks the forts of Emanuel, and O, such havoc!—Many good men are driven out, many vile ones let in, and divers other abominable things are done, which the reader will understand as he proceeds.

What next will the Prince be at? He pulls his commission out of his pocket, and reads the following paragraph:—"But most especially is he charged and commanded, to carry the war into the encampment and forts of Emanuel. To wound my great enemy in the house of his friends is the surest way of effecting my purpose."

It is plain enough that Satan's heart was much set on this thing; and it is also plain, that Alcohol's pulse throbbed in unison with that of his great master. Indeed, all Satan's devices from first to last were directed against the Church, (as Emanuel's encampment is sometimes called,) for he knew full well that this dominion was set up in opposition to his own; and that in proportion as the Church

prospered, his cause must suffer detriment. No wonder, then, that he gave his brave and efficient general, Alcohol, such a strict charge touching this matter, and that he betrayed so much anxiety to carry his stratagems and army into the very heart of his enemy's great encampment. "Yes," said Alcohol, "your orders shall be obeyed; nothing shall be wanting in me and my faithful soldiers, to weaken the cause of your hated, hateful enemy, by wounding him in the house of his friends. I have somewhere read in that great wizzard book which contains the laws and principles of Emanuel's government, that he and his people are one; that they are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones. Ah, this is just as I would have it; I will draw out his heart's blood through the veins of his soldiers, and it will soon be seen who is the strongest—Emanuel or my master. Much of this work have I done already, to the no small comfort of my soul and the edification of hell; but all this is the mere earnest, the first fruits of what I aim at, and of what I shall be sure to accomplish. Help me, Deception, Craft, Cruelty; help me, Satan,

and all ye dæmons of the pit; be strong, my right arm, and thou heart of Alcohol, that hast ever been a stranger to fear, fear not, but throb with tenfold rage, and send into every vein and artery pure drops of wrath, which shall stimulate me to such deeds as earth never saw, and hell never heard of." He did not commence operations at once, but spent a few days in reviewing his troops, visiting his fortifications, scouring up his swords and guns, concerting plans, whetting his rage, refreshing his mind by tumbling over his old books of infernal science, and infusing his own terribly excited spirit into his officers, soldiers, and all confederate dæmons.

Emanuel had erected in various parts of the earth a vast number of forts, sometimes called churches; some of which were well fortified, under the command of brave officers well furnished with troops, arms, and ammunition, and well sustained by a valuable lieutenant, called Wholesome-discipline. In these forts were used what Emanuel called the sword of the Spirit, and many other wondeful implements, excellent for defence, and powerful to the pulling down of the strong

holds of Satan. To weaken and destroy, if possible, these fortifications, was the object of Alcohol. To accomplish this, three things seemed to the Prince desirable and necessary to be done. 1. He wished to encourage desertion, and get as many of Emanuel's soldiers into his ranks as possible. 2. Means must be devised to destroy the best officers in these forts, and to introduce as great a number as practicable of his own officers and men. 3. The arms and amunition of the forts must be carried off, or at least so much injured as to render them useless.

All things being ready he commences his terrible operations. He sends proclamations to the forts of Emanuel, he approaches them and addresses them in person, and employed such strong eloquence as made all his former efforts of this kind appear like the prating of children. He stirred up his soldiers to use all possible means to seduce Emanuel's men from their well fortified garrisons. He unfurled the silken banner, and gave its graceful folds to the breeze, and carried it forward so near, that all could read the artful mottoes. He caused many of his infernal fortifications

to be erected as near as possible to Emanuel's forts, with the inscription in large magic letters,—"PRINCE ALCOHOL'S GARRISON—TURN IN—THIS IS THE CHEAP ROAD TO BLISS." At last he opened from all his ranks and batteries a most tremendous fire, which lasted long and made the mountains shake. I saw in my dream myriads of fierce dæmons darting to and fro like silent invisible thunderbolts (if such there ever were) to sustain the attack and execute the orders of the Prince. And as for the Prince himself, he seemed to be more than Alcohol. It seemed as though all the wrath and fire of the pit had been condensed, and forced into his soul; and then was forced out again with a tenfold volcanic energy. O, such a battle! What mortal ever beheld the like! Great execution was done, but still the Prince was not satisfied. "This will never do, this will never do," cried out the Prince, at the same time gnawing his tongue through rage excited by partial disappointment. In a moment he was composed—he scratched his head, and put on a meditative air. In another moment a scheme was ripened; it was this:

His servant, Please-flesh, must, some how or other, be gotten into the forts, that he may have an opportunity of working upon the carnal senses of Emanuel's soldiers. But how can this be accomplished? The Prince looked thoughtful again. "Thanks to the great Milton," cried Alcohol, "he has furnished me with a good idea. He contrived to get Satan into Paradise, by wrapping him up in a mist, or fog, and letting him float over the walls. Something like this will do: Here, my trusty servant Please-flesh, conceal yourself in this puff off my breath, and glide over the walls into these abominable forts. You are there to be known by the name of Gospel-liberty; you know your duty, keep your temper, be oily and affable, and all things will work well."

So saying, Alcohol gave a puff, and Please-flesh, wizard-like, soon lost himself in the Satanic vapour, and over the walls he glided safe and smooth. And now he is Mr. Gospel-liberty, as pious and good a creature as ever lived. "Dear me," said the good man, "how closely you are shut up in these forts here; no air stirring, no elbow room; all

dressed up in straight jackets; and, withal, you are so particular and precise. Why, did you not know that the Mosaic code was repealed? Did you not know that Emanuel came to preach deliverance to captives, and the opening of prison doors to them that are bound? If the Son makes you free, you will be free indeed. Be not entangled again in the yoke of bondage; don't deny yourselves so many comforts which God allows. The Gospel brings liberty—use it; every creature of God is good, and to be received with thankfulness; call nothing common, or unclean. Throw off these heavy chains, and act like true Christian soldiers, who feel that Emanuel's service is not servitude, that Gospel privilege is not a pinion to enslave us." With such stuff as this did he fill the ears of Emanuel's soldiers; aye, and some of their hearts, too, caught a few particles of the viper's poison. Perceiving this, the deceiver went on to speak of the great Prince Alcohol; and it was not long before some of the men in the garrisons fell much in love with him. In the mean time Mr. Hard-prayer (a noted character in some of the best

regulated forts) was seized with a kind of stiffness in his tongue, which kept him somewhat from his duty; and thereupon Mr. Watchfulness, the sentinel, became somewhat drowsy on many of the forts; Spirituality took a chill, and many other fine officers showed evident signs of decay. A great point was now gained. Alcohol gets easy access to the garrisons, through the gates carelessly bolted, and in many other ways; and many of Emanuel's soldiers flock to the forts of Alcohol, and enter their names upon his records. Whole garrisons who were numbered amongst the troops of Total-abstinence, enlisted under the silken banner; some of these soon prefer the Sip-often ranks, and not a few press forward and throw their arms around the dog-skin banner. Alcohol soon gets some of the forts pretty much under his thumb, and some of the captains also,—terrible to think!—and now what cutting and slashing he makes. He spikes many large guns, knocks the flints out of the small ones, draws the swords of Emanuel's soldiers across iron bars and stone fences; and who could fight with such swords?—Wherever

he could, he emptied cartridge-boxes, spattered dirt on the banners, knocked off many locks and bolts from the gates, and carried off whole wagon loads of grape and cannon shot, and sunk them in the neighbouring creeks and marshes.

And what work there was amongst some of the worthy officers! Mr. Good-zeal got very much injured; Strict-discipline had his square and compass stolen; Sound-doctrine received some heavy thumps; and as for Good-example and Holy-life, in many of the forts they were slain outright. The stiffness in Hard-prayer's tongue became desperate; Watchfulness became so drowsy that he fell from the walls and broke one of his legs and nearly put out his eyes. Messrs. Do-good, Love-souls, Self-denial, Love-the-brethren, Feed-the-preachers, and many other worthy men, were either slain or wounded in a great number of Emanuel's garrisons.

It is truly deplorable that the good and virtuous should be thus abused; but for the vile and profligate to usurp their places, is rendering the calamity still more awful. So it was in those fortifications where Alcohol

got foothold. He trampled down the good and exalted the wicked. Behold the worthless gang of interlopers! Mr. Slack-reins was one, and his son Disorder was another, Grieve-the-spirit, Dead-calm, Root-of-bitterness, Frame-excuses, and Stay-at-home, formed part of the company. Indeed, I could not name the half of those mischievous fellows whose interests the Prince contributed very much to strengthen. There is one, however, that I must not pass by; his name is Antinomianism. Alcohol loved him much, and used great efforts to promote his cause in Emanuel's garrisons. Indeed, a solemn league was entered into between them; this was the tenor of it—"*You help me, and I'll help you.*" They were help-meets truly. Antinomianism had a sanctimonious looking face, but his heart was made out of Vulcan's hardest steel. He was a terrible hater of Mr. Strict-law, Mr. Do-duty, and Mr. Self-denial. He even went so far as to declare, with loud lungs, that Mr. Moral-law had had a terrible battle with Mr. Gospel-law, and that the former was dethroned and killed, so that all Emanuel's soldiers are delivered not only

from his frowns, but from all obligation to render him a loving obedience. This Antinomianism had a large family of children, with whom the Prince was much pleased. False-liberty, Please-lust, Carnal-indulgence, were a part; as were also Smooth-doctrine, All-privilege, No-duty, Hate-missions, and some others of like stamp. Two of his sons (they are twins) I must speak of more particularly. One of them is Wait-God's-time, (a better name than he deserves) and a thick skulled, drowsy-headed fellow he is. He generally takes his seat at the root of an old dead tree, folds his arms, shuts his eyes, and sleeps on for whole weeks together. Now and then he rubs open his leaden eyes, and mutters a string of abuse against Mr. Do-duty and his friends. "Why all this haste and splutteration," says he; "you want to take God's work out of his hands, and snatch the crown from the head of his great general, Mr. Sovereign-grace. You are all for works —all for works; fie, fie, fie; God will do his own work in his own good time." After grumbling away after this sort for an hour or two, he sinks to sleep again. Don't go near

him; for he sends out a strange influence, which has killed all green and pleasant things for several rods around: and his breath often affects those who approach him like the touch of the torpedo, or the deadly charm of a rattle-snake. Emanuel has an officer whose name is somewhat similiar (on this account the two are sometimes confounded,) but his temper is quite another sort. Wait-on-the-Lord, he is called; and a most excellent character he is. He and Mr. Do-duty always walk hand in hand; Patience and Activity are ever in his company; and those who entertain him in their houses, find his conversation pleasant and profitable. They renew their strength, mount up on wings as eagles, run and are not weary, walk and are not faint. "Let us do for God what He commands; God will do for us what He has promised. Plow with all diligence—wait for the crop with all patience." Such is his doctrine.

But the other twin brother, who is he? Neglect-the-means; a strange looking monster indeed. He is seated on a dusty worm-eaten Bible which he seldom reads, with his

back turned upon the throne of grace, and he has neither hands, feet, nor tongue. He sometimes rolls a vacant eye over a world lying in wickedness; but he seldom weeps, and never feels. Indolence stands by him, and pours down his throat strong drenches of laudanum; this is his only meat, his only drink.

But I must not forget Mr. Rum-zeal—he is Alcohol's own son, and in some of the forts he gained considerable sway. He often cuts a great figure amongst some of the pretended followers of Emanuel. With some of them he is the very life and soul of religion. When Rum-zeal is absent, they are as mute as stones on all spiritual topics; but when he comes along, his exhilarating presence and conversation make them wonderfully pious. O how they now love one another, how ready to talk about experience, doctrine, and Christian privileges! They are ready to spill their very hearts' blood in the defence of the truth. O how they are pleased with the preacher, especially if he neglects to tell them their duty. Says one, "Well done, brother, you have given us a wonderful good sarmont

to-day; you did our very souls good; come, go home with me and take dinner." "Ah," says another, "I feel very much stirred up; and it is time for us all to be stirred up, we want more *relision.*" Out rushes another from one of Alcohol's forts, and seizes a preacher's horse by the bridle; and attacks him with a most loving, brotherly, harrangue, "How do you do, how do you do—I am glad, very glad to see you—of all the men in the world, you are the very man that I think the most of. Bless your dear soul, brother, you are the very man that converted me." Thus matters go on, till Rum-zeal gets out of the way, and he, a miserable pick-pocket, carries off all these dear brethren's *relision* with him; and then they have nothing to do but converse about the weather, the crops, and the markets; unless they happen to get into a terribly loving frame, and break some of their neighbour's ribs and noses. But what grieved me most was, that some of the captains that pretended to fight for Emanuel, could not get along to their mind without the aid of Rum-zeal; of course their best fighting was badly done.

I noticed that when these worthless fellows got pretty good foothold in Emanuel's garrisons, Covetousness was sure to creep in. Covetousness! Look at him there; a shrivelled, tight-hided imp, for ever kneeling at Mammon's altar. And who are those who dig, and root, and squeal about the altar like a litter of starved pigs? The children of Covetousness. Pinch-penny, Fight-for-a-dollar, Starve-the-preachers, Forget-the-poor, Charity-begins-at-home, (or rather, Charity-begins-no-where) Too-poor-to-give, Hate-to-be-generous, are some of the litter. This vagabond, Covetousness, is ready to oppose every good thing. Is there to be a collection taken up for Missions, he growls like a tiger; do you speak of Bible Societies, Tract Societies, and other schemes of benevolence which rap the lid of Mammon's box, he tells you that these are mercenary schemes to fleece the poor and fatten the preachers. "Well, there is one good thing, at least," the reader will say; "He will not allow Alcohol to levy his enormous tribute on Emanuel's soldiers." Alas! this is about the only point in which he belies his character. Alcohol has got him

so completely under his control, that he will see the villain filch money enough from the pockets of the people to support all the Missionaries and benevolent societies in the world, and will seldom utter a word of remonstrance. If at any time he begins to grumble, Alcohol's general, Strong-lust, rams his sword down his throat, and he is as silent as death.

Alcohol is a great friend to Presumption, False-hope, and Fatal-delusion. I observed that some of those who had been expelled from Emanuel's forts, (where Discipline had boldness and vigour enough to effect it,) and were reeling around the dog-skin banner, had much to say about their strong hope and confidence. They could tell the day and hour when they were converted; and since it is true, "that once in grace, always in grace," what had they to fear? They pretended to be great friends to Sovereign-grace, Election, Predestination, &c., and were for ever talking about these worthy gentlemen. Thus they staggered and vomited over their rusty, rotten hope, and thought it a good one; and by an

awful perversion of truth, made more certain their eternal doom. I observed, moreover, that many of these excommunicated dog-skin soldiers were swept away by the current of false doctrine, and given up to strong delusion, to believe a lie that they may be damned. As they had never felt the influence of vital religion themselves, they denied its existence altogether, and drinking down the poison of Universalism, and the black drench of Infidelity, they reeled on to the pit.

One thing especially I was compelled in my dream to notice. I observed that those forts, where Alcohol had committed the greatest depredations, were seldom visited by Emanuel, and were furnished very sparingly with fruits and cordials from his royal table. They sometimes maintained their visibility for years, and kept up a kind of pitter-patter fire upon Satan's entrenchments; but they did but little execution, and often by their battles, sustained by wet powder and feather bullets, afforded the old serpent a world of amusement. In some of these forts Discipline was killed stone dead, so that there was not virtue enough

remaining to expel those soldiers who had enlisted in the Drink-deep ranks, and the Drunken posse. These were accursed Achans in the camp, which brought upon them mildew, pestilence, and the withering blasts of heaven.

Such havoc did Alcohol make in the garrisons of the Prince of Peace. How many forts fell into his hands I cannot say; but it seemed evident that many thousands, nay hundreds of thousands were more or less affected by his mischievous devices. Nothing that he had ever accomplished afforded to Alcohol and his master so much joy as his success against the forts of Emanuel. He lost no time in communicating intelligence of these wonderful operations to his Satanic majesty, and the grand Council of Pandemonium. Their joy I shall not attempt fully to describe. It was long, loud, ferocious, terrible, immense. Nothing was to be heard for many days but a tremendous repetition of the dog-skin motto;—"*Alcohol for ever, Alcohol for ever,*" roared through the pit in such awful explosions, that the very pavements of hell trembled.

Sorrow rushed upon my heart, and tears from my eyes. "How long," exclaimed I, "must the enemy prevail? How long must my dear Emanuel bleed through these cruel wounds inflicted on his members? and even inflicted on himself by his inconsistent, unfaithful followers? Is there to be no end to the fatal triumphs of Alcohol? Must he be allowed for ever to prosper in his devices against the professed friends of God, and seduce them to destruction?" A friend stood by me; it was the one who conducted me to the eminence, and gave me a view of the Touch-not encampment. "I wonder not," said he, "that you are overwhelmed with sorrow, I rather wonder that all the soldiers of Emanuel are not equally distressed. For a while this great enemy of God and man will be allowed to prosper; but the time will at length come, when Emanuel's soldiers will be brought to a sense of their danger and their duty, will combine their efforts against the Prince, and rally round the standard of Total-abstinence. Many will ridicule and oppose their efforts, (and even reproach

you, my friend, for dreaming,) but Emanuel will espouse their cause, and they will finally prosper." I was comforted, and could not but shout praises to God for his designs of mercy.

CHAPTER VIII.

Prince Alcohol now moves on with the Drunken Posse towards the pit—Some general account of the country through which they pass—A more particular account of the Dizzy Mountains, and the mud-holes at the bottom—The passage of the army over one of these mountains described, with some other matters worth a place in history.

HAVING in the preceding chapters given the reader some account of Alcohol's general operations, I shall now trace his progress with the Drunken Posse to the gates of the pit. Should this account ever meet the eye of a drunkard, he may see something of the nature of the route which he is actually travelling; and the temperate may also see what may possibly be the issue of things with them, if they yield to Temptation, and allow themselves to be pleased, in the least degree, with the service and character of Alcohol. Pray, as you read, that God would make the reading profitable to your precious souls.

"Brave soldiers of the Legion of Honour," cried Alcohol, "parade, march." They were soon at their posts, and on they marched with a headlong, furious step. A stranger from a distant planet would have said, "Surely they are struggling along for some great prize—greater than engages the attention of the majority of mankind." "Yes, stranger, (if any such inquirer there may chance to be,) they are aiming at something great; nothing less than the privilege and honour of tormenting and disgracing themselves in a most consummate degree, and augmenting the misery and disgrace of others, whilst on earth; and of lying down in everlasting burnings, in the world to come. If this is a prize not worth a mighty and desperate struggle, what is? Their efforts, perseverance, and courage correspond in an admirable manner with the vastness and worth of the object in view."

But perhaps the reader might like to know something of the country through which the Drunken Posse pursued their victorious march. I had a glimpse of it in my dream, and it is proper that what little I know of

this matter should be known by others. The whole region is called Drunkard's Scope, and is bounded on the North by the territories of Temptation, and Occasional-indulgence; on the West run the Vile-habit mountain, a high range, and difficult to pass; on the East are the burning plains of Lust, which present a no less formidable barrier; and on the South stretches along the Bottomless Pit. The whole region, in its general aspect, seems to sink, as you advance toward the pit, with a rapidly descending step; this renders one's progress easy, but his return difficult and laborious.

It is a wretched country, and wretched indeed are those who have to march along through it. The roads are uncomfortable, and the bridges dangerous; the atmosphere is infected with poisonous vapours; the government of the land is of the worst kind; and the productions of the soil are worse than worthless. The groves are thickly interspersed with the Bohun-upas; the Poison-ivy is abundant; Hemlock, a deadly plant, grows in almost every field; and the grapes of Sodom, and apples of Gomorrah, flourish

in awful perfection. Serpents hiss in every part; birds of prey are abundant; and upon the mountain tops, and in the groves and valleys, you may hear the everlasting yell of wolves and tigers. Disease and Death have loaded the air with the foul miasmata of their mouths; and almost every breeze is loaded with the disgusting songs of Brutish-mirth, or the wailings of Sorrow and Despair. Streams of pure gall are often seen gliding along through the valleys; and large extended meads which, at a distance, present a lovely and inviting aspect, are found to be filled with thistles, briers, and wormwood.

The country is divided and sub-divided into many provinces and sections, over which Alcohol has stationed many governors and deputies, some of them his immediate offspring. There are also many roads leading through this land; most of them are broad, generally serpentine; sometimes they pursue a diverging course—sometimes they all unite in one: but their general tendency is onward, onward towards the pit. There are the provinces of Vain-repentance, Fickle-mind,

and Broken-promise. In these, the roads are slippery and treacherous; they often seem to encourage the return of the miserable pilgrims who travel them; but it is soon found that their course is hell-ward. There are also the regions of Blasted-hope, and Ruined-reputation, and Despised-by-all; gloomy, indeed, and shadowed by perpetual clouds; the herbage destroyed by mildew, and the trees rifted and withered by the bolts of heaven. There are other regions to be seen here and there, somewhat green and flowery, but contracted, indeed, as their name seems to indicate—it is Short-delight; and no wonder they should be thus called, when we consider that they are sometimes called by another name highly descriptive of their character, namely, Flesh-delight. Their flowers are poisonous, and they grow on thorns; as you pass through each of these regions, (and it is soon done,) you come to the streams of Grief, and the vales of Anguish.

There is a large province called after its king, (Poverty is his name, and Alcohol enthroned him,) which may be thought worthy

of a brief description. It is a dreary region. Its soil is barren, rugged, and thirsty; the roads are narrow, and beset with thorns and briers, which rend the garments and wound the flesh of the passing traveller. Poverty has many sons, and he has sub-divided his kingdom among them. Beg-bread is one, Hungry-man another; and there are also Ragged-coat, Squalid-face, and several others of equal worth and dignity who reign in great pomp and glory. Many of the Drunken Posse pass this way; we may pity them, though not so much as their poor wives and children, whom they drag along to this dreary region, and settle here for life on a few acres of barren sand, which they have, in their wretched traffic with Alcohol, received as an equivalent for comfortable homes, pleasant lands, and often for large and princely estates. The husbands pass on, but generally leave behind them Broken-heart, Despair, and Starvation, to comfort and protect their beloved wives and children.

There were other scenes which I noticed in my dream. Many of Alcohol's fortifications stood forth to view; their walls exhibit-

ed the appearance of amazing strength, their tremendous guns kept the land in awe, and the Drunken Posse sung,

"Home, sweet home,"

as they passed by these dens of devils. In thick succession, through the whole length and breadth of the land, I noticed many smooth, level places, which were called Dancing-levels and Frolic-greens. The Horse-race meadows, Cock-pit gullies, Billiard-tables, Theatre-gardens, Strumpet-commons, Riot-cliffs, and other scenes of a kindred character, too numerous and abominable to describe, helped to fill up the melancholy picture. As my eye wandered towards the pit, I saw other scenes more dismal still; these I shall notice anon, as the army draws near the gates of death.

The most remarkable feature of the whole province of Drunkard's Scope I have not yet described, and it is not well that I should pass over it in silence. It is a prominent range of mountains, which run along with intervals of varied length, from the Northern boundary to the very verge of the pit. Many names have been given to them; I shall call

them the Dizzy Mountains. They are found in every province of Drunkard's Scope, and though in some regions there are many roads, yet these roads all cross, and are for ever crossing the Dizzy Mountains. As you first enter the above named territory, these mountains are less elevated, less frequent, and less dismal and appalling in their general aspect, than after you make considerable progress. Here is Christmas mount, there is Fourth-of-July peak. Hard by Election-cross-roads, and Muster-fields, you may see a spur of the Dizzy range; and over this crowds are perpetually crossing. Some routes may at first lead you on a month without an interposing mountain; at length a peak must be surmounted in each weekly progression, and oftener still as you press onward. I noticed that some of the Drunken Posse preferred those routes which, in their approach to the pit, finally called for the daily disgrace and toil of crossing a Dizzy mountain. The general aspect of these mountains is the same, so that, with the exception of some circumstantial matters, the reader may take a

description of one for a description of the whole.

Behold that hideous elevation ! The side which the traveller first approaches is divided into various sections, to which different geographies have attached different appellations. In our fancy let us ascend the mountains. First we come to Good-feeling rise: there is something here deceitfully pleasant : the Drunken Posse as they pass along praise it highly. We now enter the Mellow-groves, here are a few brackish springs; the shrubs and trees emit a sickly fragrance, the air possesses a wanton softness, you hear the songs of birds; but to the chaste and sober their notes are disgusting. And now we are at the foot of a cliff; thousands climb it in reality, in our fancy then we can surmount it,—up we go, and now we stand on the summit of what some denominate High-in-the-paper cliff. Our heads feel a little confused, and things do not appear exactly as they are; but never mind. We advance. Next succeeds a tract, ascending still, though thrown into waving hillocks: this is generally called Half-seas-over,—an odd title, you will say,

for a mountain scene. How difficult to preserve the integrity of our legs, even in this imaginary excursion: surely, then, we can pity those who are bent on trying the reality of these things. The difficulty of the way increases—let us return—no, we will see the worst;—on and upward still we go, and now we find ourselves, how we cannot tell, on the highest elevation of the mountain;—it is called, and with vast propriety, Toper-zenith. It is embosomed in everlasting fogs, and there dwell some strong wizards, who call Alcohol "Father." As we advance through the fogs, (the virtuous who pass on fancy's legs need not fear the wizards,) we soon come to the brink of an awful precipice—it is Dead-drunk Pitch. This steep and frightful descent terminates in an awful mud-hole at the base of the mountain, which is nothing more nor less than Tippler-slough. Shall I describe it, or shall I leave it undescribed? A faint touch of the pencil must suffice. Of all the loathsome, disgusting, abominable, stinking mud-holes which I ever saw, heard, or dreampt of, this is by far the worst. The mud is black, deep,

and filthy; and insults the air with a fetid stench. The slough is full of serpents, alligators, frogs, and tadpoles; swine root and roil in the shallower regions. Around are groves upon which the eye rests with pain, but which afford a pleasant retreat for innumerable polecats. The shores of the slough are covered with the putrid carcasses of beasts, and endless flocks of buzzards and carrion crows throw down from their sooty wings, upon the whole region, a dismal and perpetual shade. At the foot of every mountain you will find the Tippler-slough, and many of the Drunken Posse are obliged to flounder along through a thousand mud-holes, or more, before they reach the pit.

We have now passed over one of these mountains in fancy, nor did we stop until we waded through the slough; now let us follow the Drunken Posse in their real progress. I have hinted that sometimes the many roads which pass through Drunkard's Scope, sometimes converge, and are lost in one. There are some defiles through which all are obliged to pass in a consolidated phalanx. We will follow the scattered ranks till they meet, and

are ready, in a mass, to cross the Dizzy Mountains. See, they all come together—a mountain is just ahead. "Come on, my brave fellows," said Alcohol, "good soldiers should move on with a brisk step." As they were all good soldiers, they pressed forward briskly in obedience to the command of the Prince; not even so much as noticing the mountains before them. They soon approach Good-feeling rise; and as they pass through it they smile, talk pleasantly, and feel good. They enter the Mellow-groves, and feel mellow. The Cliff appears, and is soon scaled—and now we have a just right to look for strange things; nor shall we look in vain. The brave warriors are wonderfully lifted up in heart, hopes, views, and deportment. They begin to talk loud; they sing base songs; get rich, wise, and strong; the beggar has money to lend; the simpleton can, in his wisdom, govern a kingdom; the cripple can outrun an antelope; and the puny dwarf can flog any man in the nation. They laugh, whoop, hollow; they run, jump, dance, kick. With limbs somewhat wearied, and wits somewhat blunted, they approach the region

of Half-seas-over. They swing, reel, and wriggle along over the perplexing hillocks—and they are soon prepared for new work, as they draw nigh to Toper-zenith. Good-nature begins to fail, and Bad-nature gains the ascendency. Alcohol, who ever takes delight in making his subjects miserable, turns loose among them Passion, Revenge, Gouge eye, Riot, and many other such mischief-makers, who with Wrath-much-inflamed, soon stir up a world of uproar. Oaths thicken, fists fly, clubs send forth a clattering, thumping noise; eyes, shins, ribs, noses, skulls, find but little favour; and much blood, well boiled, is spilt. The ranks are horribly broken, and Confusion-worse-confounded unfurls the tangled banner, and drives his chariot furiously among the combatants. They fight along to Toper-zenith, and soon find themselves in the fogs. And now the wizards dart forth. Speech-boggler perplexes wonderfully their tongues; Turn-brain upsets all their ideas; and The-little-wit-left is expelled from the Posse; Trip-shanks, a low minded wizard, darts about amongst their legs, and very much deranges the centre of gravity.

And now observe the poor creatures: they reel, stagger, pitch, fall, tumble, scrabble, roll, flounder—soon they are on the brink of Dead-drunk Pitch: yes, and past it;—down, down, down, they go, and anon you behold them tumble, splash dash, into the great stinking mud-hole. The frogs remonstrated with all their might—for what honest people would like to be thus invaded?—but all in vain; the attack of the invincible Posse was irresistible; have the mud-hole they would. Brave men! Your heads shall be crowned with garlands, and Fame shall take your great deeds and blow them through her trump into the ears of Immortality.

In my dream I ascended an eminence, to get a thorough view of the victorious Posse in the mud-hole. I saw a motley mass; heaps upon heaps of various and discordant sorts. There were kings, beggars, priests, poets, orators, critics, wise men, fools, lawyers, sailors, judges, justices, constables, thieves, robbers, strumpets, tavern-keepers, tax-collectors, merchants, heroes, cowards, scavengers, negroes, dandies, dwarfs, giants, Indians, Hindoos, Irishmen, Yankees, Greeks,

Jews, Baptists, Churchmen, Methodists, Presbyterians, and ten thousand others of numberless orders, all crammed promiscuously together in one great, filthy, fetid, abominable mud-hole. Names, distinctions, ranks were forgotten. Cowards, were seen sprawling upon conquerors; culprits upon judges; clowns upon Congress men. I saw a ditch-digger paw dirt into an alderman's face; a blacksmith rub his smith hands and leather apron upon the gown and surplice of a parson, and a beggar belch and spit in the face of a king.

I noticed in my dream (who can control his dream?) that all the dogs, hogs, goats, and jack-asses in the neighbourhood around set up a terrible howling, squealing, bleating and braying, evidently indicative of the utmost shame and indignation, that they were under the control of men so much more beastly than themselves. For a moment I thought I blushed that I was a man. Alcohol, however, had different feelings. He set up a terrible shout, in which all the dæmons joined. Mountain repeated the clamor to mountain. and vale

to vale; and thus it rolled along till it was heard in hell.

For some time the Posse exhibited but a few sluggish signs of life: but at length there was a groaning, a kicking, and a rolling. Jack Vomit rushes into the mass, and delves away at the stomachs of the conquerors. What was in, is soon out; and O, such a stench! I wondered in my dream how the buzzards and carrion-crows could endure it. For a while the redoubtable heroes tumbled about in the fetid compound of mud and vomit; and at last, by many struggles, by such help as they could render one another, or snatch from the impending bushes, they crawled, scrambled, and floundered along, till they effected an escape from the mud-hole, and found themselves on Cool-off beach.

At length they are sufficiently recovered to look a little into their respective predicaments. They soon find abundant reason to conjecture, that their circumstances are not the most enviable. Some find themselves with black eyes, some with one eye, and some with neither. Here is one with peeled shins—there is one with

broken ribs—a third searches in vain for the bridge of his nose—a fourth whines piteously over his bruised knuckles and fingers half bitten off—whilst a fifth, still more disconsolate, has some reason to suspect that his pate is a little cracked. Some of the most circumspect and observing detect upon their backs coats severely rent, or entirely missing; some have lost their hats, some their shoes, some their money, some their watches, and some their breeches. But why descend to particulars? Suffice it to say, that all, without exception, brought out of the slough some special marks of honour; even the least conspicuous of the Posse were nobly besmeared with mud, blood, and vomit.

What next shall we record? They soon find themselves annoyed with tormenting visiters. Reason worried himself out of the bottom of the slough, where he had been thrust much against his will, and as soon as he could clear his eyes and mouth of mud, he approached the Posse, and made many pertinent remarks. Reflection had many things to say; and Memory holds up before them her looking-glass, from which was re-

flected many past scenes. They are reminded of lost character, ruined happiness, blighted prospects; are compelled to dwell upon upon many disgraceful and cruel acts by which they had disgusted their friends, and pierced their dearest connexions through with many sorrows. Anticipation holds up her telescope, and through this they get a glimpse of that melancholy, disgraceful fate which still awaits them. Shame, the painter runs up, and with his brush does what he can to daub their faces with crimson, but strange to tell, many of their faces will not retain the paint: and Conscience, though terribly worried and bruised in many hard battles, soon darts into the ranks, and soon finds it in his power to administer to many of them a short, cutting dose. Some of them now began to pray; but prayer and Alcohol cannot get along well together.

But the fellow that annoyed them most was one Mean-feelings. He was a despicable looking creature, rather foul-mouthed withal, but he was sure to speak a great deal of truth. After Reflection, Memory, &c., had progressed pretty well

in their work, he thought it a proper time to put in his oar;—here he comes, thus he speaks: "Poor, mean, miserable creatures," said he, "you are in a most detestable plight. Hold up your heads! No, you cannot—you dare not. You swinish, goatish, sheepish, bloated, puking, stinking vagabonds! Look at your clothes, look at your faces, look at the mud-hole where you have been wallowing. You are not fit for the company of men, and even the beasts yonder are setting up a clamor of contempt and indignation. A jack-ass is too good to be your king. Your best friends are ashamed of you. How mean you must feel when you reflect on what Reason, Conscience, and these other worthy persons have told you, and when you consider also how often you have disregarded them, as well as Industry, Economy, Domestic-care, and all other good men. And some of you have taken under your special protection those brave fellows, Bruise-wife, and Kick-children. That is noble, brave, magnanimous! Illustrious heroes! Your Prince ought to present each of you with an onion medal, and tie it about your

neck with the intestines of a pole-cat. Ay, ay, and cockades, made of tar and buzzard's feathers, would be the badges of distinction to which you are all most fully entitled. O you degraded, loathsome, despicable, and despised scamps!!!"

In such a coarse and vulgar strain did he proceed for some time, to the no little annoyance and discomfiture of the Drunken Posse.

Many of them seemed to have a deep sense of their folly, and cursed themselves, and cursed the Prince. Good-resolve came hobbling by on his crutches; poor thing, there was not a bone in his body which had not been broken a hundred times! A large number came to the conclusion to send in their resignation to the Prince, and to engage the assistance of Capt. Good-resolve to conduct them back to the land of Sobriety. I heard Emanuel whisper, "look to me for aid, without me ye can do nothing;" but they did not hear his voice, or if they heard, they did not regard it, preferring to lean upon the crutch of the broken-backed cripple, rather than to lay hold of everlasting strength. Their resignation was couched in the follow-

ing terms: "Alcohol, we are weary of your service. You have deceived us, you have ruined us; you are a miscreant and a liar. We hate you with a perfect hatred, and your service too. Be it known to you, and to all, that we are to be your soldiers no longer. We are now free. Farewell, for ever. Our wives, our children, our neighbours are witnesses of this our deliberate and solemn act. The world is witness; heaven is witness." The paper which contained their signatures was indorsed with oaths and curses, to give force to the instrument, and show the Prince how deeply they abhorred him. But some one must present their resignation to the Prince. Self-sufficiency offers his service; he promises to see the paper safely delivered to Alcohol, and he also promises, in his usual blustering way, to give all the aid that might be necessary for them, in order to treat with respect, and obey with fidelity, the commands of their broken-backed captain, Mr. Good-resolve.

The paper was accordingly presented to Prince Alcohol; he read it deliberately, gave a hearty laugh, and put it into his

pocket. I wondered. "What can this mean," thought I, "can the Prince take so much delight in seducing mankind to his standard, and making them miserable; and then rejoice when they escape his clutches?"

CHAPTER IX.

Words are often wind, as the very first of this chapter will show—Efforts are made to stop the Drunken Posse, but in vain—They approach the region bordering on the pit, which the author thinks best to give some account of—By various routes they arrive at the gates of hell—and in a moment, WHERE ARE THEY?

No, he does not rejoice in their escape, but he rejoices to think how safely he has them, notwithstanding all their noise and fair promises about quitting his service. In our last chapter we left the Drunken Posse on Cool-off beach, and many of them full of high and strong passions of abandoning the standard of Alcohol and of returning to the regions of Sobriety. Alcohol soon presents himself before the army, and exclaims,—"Brave soldiers, do you know your Prince? Some of you pretend to be disaffected: what! after all the pains I have taken to convince you of my friendship, will you turn your backs upon me? Look me in the face, and

answer. No; I will not insult you, brave soldiers, by insinuating that you have lost your attachment and respect for your faithful, loving, and well-tried Prince. You are still the same; my confidence in you is the same; your pretended resignation was only a pleasant joke; I thank you for taking this liberty with me, as it only shows how fully and perfectly you presume on my love and good nature. Dearly beloved soldiers, you are no doubt ready to obey my orders: up—parade—march." No sooner was the command uttered, than an obedient temper was seen at work in all parts of the Drunken Posse. As though operated upon by the power of some resistless enchantment, they range themselves in rear of the dog-skin banner. In a moment they are ready for the journey; and even those very persons who so recently cursed the Prince, and sent in their resignation endorsed with curses, are not amongst the last to manifest a teachable and submissive spirit. They fawned upon the Prince, smiled as he passed near, and made low obeisance; nay, not a few fell down at his royal feet, embraced and kissed them; and even adored

almost the very dust of his sandals. "What loving subjects!" said I; "never did I witness stronger marks of respect, devotedness, and veneration." With a quick step they re-commence their march. Self-command was dead; Insatiable thirst urged them on, and as they advanced they sung with stentorian voices their dog-skin motto, "Alcohol for ever."

"And is there no power in heaven or earth sufficient to break the charm, and rescue these deluded creatures from their disgraceful captivity?" Thus I anxiously inquired. "Does Hope never hover over these ranks? Does Mercy never extend her recovering aid? Have all means lost their efficacy—every antidote its power?" A voice replied, "You have noticed already, but observe again, that Seal-fate carries the banner, and Swift-destruction urges on his chariot in the rear: nevertheless, all things are possible with God, and the saints should never cease to warn, expostulate, and pray. But after the condensed light of all possible encouragements is thrown upon their prospects, their condition is sad and dreadful still. Some do

indeed return to the Temperate Battalion, or the Sip-often ranks; but this only affords sport to Alcohol and his master, as it allows them a still further opportunity of practising their fatal stratagems: they soon return to the Drunken Posse. There is now and then one who retreats and takes shelter under the banner of Total-abstinence, and by the grace of God is enabled to stand firm, and thus escape destruction. You heard those solemn promises, you saw the letter of resignation which was sent in to the Prince, backed with awful curses. This is often done; indeed there are not a few who pretend solemnly to renounce the Prince, and actually tender to him their resignation upon their escape from every successive mud-hole. They feel the weight of their cruel bondage, abhor themselves and their destroyer, and seem at times to manifest a real anxiety to effect their escape: but their chains are securely riveted, and they rush on to perdition. You saw the Prince smile;—this can be to you no longer a mystery." The voice ceased. I then remembered the declaration of the old school master, Mr. Experience: "None have

the assurance of being safe, but those who continue in the Touch-not ranks, and march under the standard of Total-abstinence." "This," said I, "should be recorded with a sun-beam on a brazen tablet, hung up in the heavens before all nations, and daily repeated through an archangel's trump in the ears of every son and daughter of Adam."

The Drunken Posse pursued their march, and I carefully observed the progress of the wretched company. I noticed that their pace quickened as they advanced, and their miseries were greatly augmented. The Prince became more violent and abusive, and yet, incredible to think, their attachment to him kept pace with their quickened progress, and the augmentation of their woes. Under the command of Alcohol they made frequent attacks upon Reason, Conscience, Public-good, and their friends and supporters; and each successive battle gave to the Posse increased advantages, and brought their opposers into a state of pitiable discomfiture. Swinish, Beast-heart, Flame-lust, and all the sons of Alcohol, who held commissions in the army, increased daily in their influence and power,

whilst the Prince's soldiers lose as they progress their already enfeebled disposition to resist them. Peace, Virtue, Serious-reflection, Humanity, Tender-heart, and all worthy and deserving characters are, one after another, either slain or wholly driven from their ranks, and an abundant opening afforded for the constant advancement of Confusion and Every-evil-work. Thus they pursue their way, sometimes in detached companies, in diverging, intersecting, or variously winding routes; and sometimes in an embodied phalanx along a road, which, for a while, swallows up all others, and conducts them to some melancholy province, which they are all obliged to visit and pass through. They struggle over mountain after mountain, flounder through mud-hole after mud-hold. By oft-repeated and solemn vows do they renounce the service of the Prince, and yet hug with invincible affection the dog-skin banner, and press upon the heels of their destroyer. They wander amongst the dens of tigers, and through meads of wormwood, and groves of upas; they throng the Billiard-tables, encompass every Cock-pit gulley, rage like

wolves upon the Riot-bluffs, prowl about the Strumpet-commons; laugh, and sing, and dance upon the Frolic-greens, and the plains of Short-delight; and then wade through streams of gall, and howl in the vales of Anguish.

I cast my eyes forward and beheld a smoke which ascended in black columns towards the skies, and the intermingled lightnings seemed to trace out in angry characters the following words,—"For ever and ever." I heard a noise—it seemed to be the roaring of flames, mingled with "weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." The pit was near: but the army of Alcohol saw not the smoke, and heard not the groans. The region contiguous was awful; too terrible steadfastly to look at—too dreadful fully to describe. Yet, according to my promise, a brief and imperfect description shall be attempted.

I observed that there were various routes which conducted the various divisions of the Drunken Posse to the gates of the pit;—a few of these I shall specify, and only a few. Cast your eyes to the right. There stretches a region generally low and marshy, (though from

the marshes you see many hideous elevations,) whose fetid vapours rise in a perpetual cloud. It is Disease Swamp. Through this there are many openings to the gate, nor are they overgrown and obscured for want of use. One road seems to be high, sandy, and scorching, though leading through a territory so generally marshy: it is called Fever-turnpike. One road leads through Gout-gully, and another through Dropsy-splash; Consumption-route, Spasm-lane, Apoplexy-avenue, and various others, may be traced out by any one who has time to be minute. But we will look no longer at the loathsome swamp. A city now arrests the attention, no doubt worthy of inspection, for it seems to be ancient, and of vast size. Through this there are several avenues to the pit. Here is Almshouse-street; there is Dungeon-range; next we notice a clump of edifices which is called Hospital-square; these buildings are filled with groans, and send forth the perfumes of drugs, and putrefying sores. Still further on we behold a narrow, crooked, and dangerous lane. It is full of stumps, pits, old wells slightly covered, fatal precipices, deep gullies,

and runaway horses, dashing along with the fragments of harnesses and carts dangling at their heels. Through this many of the Posse rush on fearlessly and with fury. This is Fatal-accident lane. Next comes the Maniac's-route; Captain Mania-a-potu takes command of those who travel this way—we shall see them anon. Some will advance laughing, and whooping, and screaming; some will say they are rich, some will say they are kings; some will be in straight-jackets, some in chains. A part will be conducted to Hospital-square; and others will rush on to Suicide-grove. There is a hill; many approach it, and their necks are ensnared in halters. It is Gallows-hill. Alcohol forces many of his soldiers into the cluthes of Crime. Justice overtakes them, and drives them, at the point of her sword, over this fatal and disgraceful elevation. Murder-road is another that we may notice. It is sprinkled with blood, strewed with skulls, and passes over Dagger-point, Fist-nob, by Club-corner, and then through the Arsenic-mines. Here is another route, and the last we can survey. It is Combustion-road and ex-

ceeding hot and fiery. But few travel it, and this is a great mercy; but those who pass this way meet with a strange fate. They become so thoroughly converted into fuel for the pit, that they either take fire of themselves, or inhale it from the tapers they carry in their hand, or else, attracting so strongly the fire of tophet, the flames flash over the walls and consume them before their time.

You have taken a glance, reader, of the last province in Drunkard's Scope. What do you think of it? What do you think of it, O toper? You will be there soon. This is the region which Alcohol gave up to Death; the grizzly king has fortified it strongly, and esteems it more highly than any other province of the empire. If any thing caused the iron-hearted monster pain, it was that Alcohol, more cruel than himself, compelled him to destroy his soldiers by such horrid and awful methods. It was said that Death at first remonstrated; but Alcohol, greatly enraged, declared that if he did not despatch his soldiers in the way that he might please to dictate, he would drive him from the Province. Death was at last won over to

his cruel measures; so that it is evident that the king of terrors has become much more terrible in consequence of the influence and authority of Alcohol.

Let us now direct our attention to the operations of the Drunken Posse. They draw nigh to this dark province of Death. All possible efforts, however, are made to arrest them. Mercy has all along pursued them with her untiring wing, and now she hastens up to put forth another plea, utter another remonstrance, and shed a few more tears. Emanuel calls from heaven, and his faithful servants on earth repeat his gracious words: "Turn ye, turn ye; for why will ye die? Come now and let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God for he will abundantly pardon." Then Emanuel threatened; his servants repeated the threatening.—"He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall sud-

denly be destroyed, and that without remedy. The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God. The drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God." But these things were not heeded. Conscience was now dead; he perished from blows and burnings inflicted by red hot irons. Reason had lost his eyes, and his tongue quivering in death, could only utter a feeble whisper in those ears, which even peals of thunder could not penetrate.

A weeping, disconsolate crowd hastened up—it consisted of fathers, mothers, wives, children. I heard the voice of a father,—"Stop, my son, you will bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave—stop, my son, for mercy's sake—for heaven's sake." Mothers uttered lamentations and loud shrieks, and poured forth their souls in heart-moving entreaties. And then approached the wives of many of the Drunken Posse. They were hungry and in rags. Sorrow and Despair had stolen their beauty, and covered their once lovely features with the marks of premature decay. They wrung their hands, they rent their garments, they tore out their locks,

they hastened up to their squalid, perjured husbands, and falling down upon their knees before them, in all the violence of grief, entreated them to return. "O! pity us," cried they, "for we are desolate and miserable. Our hearts are broken, our bosoms are tortured with insufferable anguish. We are disgraced, Beggary is in our dwellings, Starvation stares us in the face. Have you no compassion for the companions of your bosoms? Did you not once promise to love us? Did you not solemnly vow that you would protect us, and provide for us, and treat us tenderly? Think of your past professions of love; think of your oft-repeated vows; think of the many happy, happy hours we once enjoyed together. O! has it come to this? Look at the little ones; behold their rags and their tears! Have you no love for them—for these dear, helpless creatures, who are flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone? Let our united tears, and prayers, and miseries prevail. O, return, return, we beseech you, to the land of Sobriety, and we shall again be happy." And then the little children came up, and sobbed

and cried aloud, and caught hold of their father's knees, and begged for bread. O, it was a moving sight. I wept. I looked into the groves, and I thought I saw the tigers weep. I looked upward in my dream, and thought I saw angels bathed in tears. But the Drunken Posse wept not. They answered those pathetic appeals of fathers, mothers, wives, children (they had done it a thousand times before) with sneers, and curses, and blows. Things were now hastening to an issue. Seal-fate waved his dog-skin banner, and uttered a triumphant yell. Emanuel turned aside his face in wrath and sware,—"They shall not enter into my rest." Mercy shed her last tear, and said, "*farewell.*" And Hope, who had fluttered along after them with trembling wings, sighed piteously, and took her everlasting flight.

"Come on, my brave fellows," cried Alcohol, with a voice that was heard by the various detachments, as through various routes they drew near the pit. "Alcohol for ever," was shouted back by the whole army; and at the same time they quickened their pace, and pressed on with great eagerness.

Heroes! Invincible, magnanimous heroes! How faithful to your Prince! What sacrifices you are ready to make at his bidding! Much is said of the self-denying sacrifices of the missionary. What are they? great indeed; worthy of admiration, and such as Emanuel commends and honours. He leaves home, friends, comforts, country; and rushes into the face of hardship, danger, persecution, death. Still he is not with comfort. He enjoys the assurance that he is in a good cause. Reason is on his side, Conscience is on his side, the promises of heaven are on his side. He enjoys communion with God; he feels that all things are working together for his good. He has a hope which props up his soul; a prospect that gladdens his heart. He labours and rejoices; weeps and sings; suffers and praises; dies, and soars away to the possession of everlasting life. But what are the sacrifices of these drunken heroes? It is all sacrifice and no gain. Rather than desert their leader, they will sacrifice health, fame, pleasure, wealth, character, friends; they will violate their most sacred obligations, render themselves objects of disgust and abhorrence,

and their nearest kindred the victims of misery; they will struggle along after the Prince, though Reason is against them, and Conscience, is against them, and the opinion and remonstrances of all good men are against them; in spite of all these things, and, what is infinitely more, in spite of the promises, and upbraidings, and terrors of Jehovah, they still abuse their powers, wallow on dung-hills, climb mountains, wade through mud-holes, embrace Hunger, Filth, Rags and and Disease, and to afford the crowning evidence of their devotedness to their king, with a desperate and infernal heroism, they will cast away heaven as the merest bauble, and and brave the horrors of eternal damnation. If these are not sacrifices—if this is not self-denial heroism, devotedness, where are we to find them? Such a spirit as this bears sway in the Legion of Honour.

"Come on my brave fellows," cried Alcohol again; "Alcohol for ever," was again shouted back from the Posse; and in a moment they were at the gate of hell. "Open unto me," cried the Prince; "Open unto us," cried the Drunken Posse, for, in their mad-

ness, they seemed to be in haste to be damned. They rushed furiously upon the gate—it opened—"Alcohol for ever," was shrieked out, and they plunged into everlasting fire!—Satan shouted—the great Council of devils shouted—Alcohol shouted, and hastened back to conduct another army to the pit.

THE END.

Willie
Iva

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